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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

BY KATE BROWNEER SHERWOOD.

LORE-LEI.

I KNOW not what it betideth,
That I am so sad at heart;
A tale of the past abideth
In my soul and will not depart.

It is cool and the twilight darkles,
And peacefully flows the Rhine;
And the brow of the mountain sparkles
In the flush of the soft sunshine.

The queenliest maiden beameth
In radiant beauty there;
The gold of her jewels gleameth,
She combeth her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combeth,
And singeth the while a song,
That floats, like the wind that roameth,
In quivering chants along.

The boatman yon frail bark steering,
Is seized with a wild affright;
He sees not the cliffs he is nearing,
He views but the mountain height.

I fear me the waves are bringing
The boatman and boat to naught;
And this with her fateful singing
The Lore-Lei hath wrought.

SECRET LOVE.

No fire, no hot ember so ardently glows
As love loved in secret when nobody knows,
When nobody knows.

No rose, no carnation can seem half so sweet
As two loving souls when together they meet,
When together they meet.

Let thine heart be a mirror, reflected therein
Thou canst see how devoted, how true mine
hath been,
How true mine hath been.
TOLEDO, Nov. 12, 1878.

A CYNIC.

BY ETHEL TANE.

AND so your life has been a dreary story
Of treachery against you, leal and true;
And little of our nature's tender glory
Is yet revealed to you.

You think that you are wise and I am dream-
ing
The dream of youth — as beautiful as vain —
That friendship is another name for scheming,
And love is — love of gain.

My friend, not long ago my dull existence
Passed slowly by within a city drear,
I watched the endless roofs, the smoky dis-
tance,
The sparrows, prating near.

At length a footstep mounted to my attic :
One entered in and reached to me his hands,
And now I go with him — O joy ecstatic ! —
Across the meadow-lands.

The saucy robin trills his carol near us,
The lark arises at our very feet,
While speckled thrush and blackbird often
cheer us
With mellow notes and sweet.

And he — my guide — has promised me that
yonder
Are built the nests of doves and nightingales,
In secret woods where we alone shall wander,
In more sequestered vales.

But *you* — you look for doves in city alleys,
For nightingales among the sparrow crew —
Then marvel that the music of our valleys
Is still unheard by you.

Irish Monthly.

ROSE OR THORN?

O LOVE the rose, O love the thorn,
O love whose cheek with crimson glows,
O love that leavest hearts forlorn,
Oh, tell me, ere the petals close,
Is love a rose ?

O love the thorn, O love the rose,
O love, thy blush, of roses born,
With lily whiteness comes and goes,
O love with cheek oft wan and worn,
Is love a thorn ?

Oh, love's a rose without the thorn ;
Its petals fall ; but while it grows
Its virgin hue doth steal from morn
Heaven's own glory as it blows.
Oh, love's a rose !
Good Words.

ROBERT WILSON.

SPRING.

WINTER has risen to bid his gruff good-bye.
I feel the first warm touches of the sun,
As of a mother's hand when work is done.
I hear the first lark's anthem in the sky ;
I watch the great white clouds go flying by ;
I note the flowers awaking one by one ;
And soft airs whisper, "Summer is begun !"
O how the soul leaps up exultingly,
As it would break its heavy prison-bar !
And man seems dearer, God seems nearer,
far,
For this is truth, deny it how we may, —
That light and darkness make us what we
are,
We are the creatures of our moods, and they
Are creatures of the clear or cloudy day.
Spectator.
Dresden.

E. W. HOWSON.

From The Edinburgh Review.

MEMOIRS AND CHARTERS OF THE
LENNOX.*

WE are already indebted to the persevering and ingenious researches of Mr. William Fraser in the muniment chests of the great Scottish houses, and to the munificence of some members of the Scottish nobility, for several of the most interesting and important contributions to the family histories of this country which have ever issued from the press. The "Stirlings of Keir" and the "Colquhouns of Luss" have caused their records to be printed in the same magnificent manner—an example which might well be followed by the Russells, the Cecils, and the Howards of south Britain. The "Book of Caerlaveroc" and the "Cromartie Papers" have been reviewed on previous occasions in the pages of this journal, and thus made known to the world. For these splendid and costly works, being family property, are reserved for private distribution. The number of copies printed is extremely small, and the fortunate possessors of them may congratulate themselves on so rare and valuable an addition to their libraries. In fact they complete the work which was so well begun for Scotland fifty years ago by the Maitland and Bannatyne Clubs. England has produced nothing to compare with these publications, except Lord Clermont's reprint of the Fortescue papers. The volumes now before us form part of this remarkable series, and they are not inferior to any of their companions in typographical beauty or in historical interest. We propose, therefore, to lay before our readers an abridged account of them, the more so as they are inaccessible to the public, except in two or three of the principal libraries of the kingdom, where they are deposited for the purposes of reference.

The "Lennox" differs, however, from its predecessors in one important particular. The memorials of the Maxwells and the Mackenzies are essentially family histories; they abound in personal and domestic details; and they carry the records

of those well-known Scottish races down to the present day. The annals of the Earls of Lennox are more historical than domestic. Those great nobles filled, from the dawn of Scottish history, a prominent place in the State. They were nearly allied to royalty, and their titles ultimately merged in the person of the sovereign. They were feudal princes holding under the crown rather than subjects. Their jurisdiction extended over the important province of Scotland which bore their name, or whose name they bore. One of the last direct heirs of the Lennoxes was the wilful and luckless Henry Darnley, who, as the husband of Mary Stewart, signed himself King of Scotland, and whose murder cost the queen her reputation and her throne. For although his brother succeeded to the title and held it for a short time, King James VI., as the son of Darnley himself, was the true representative of the race, and the collateral line expired in 1672, when Charles II. became the last of the Lennoxes. Mr. Fraser has summed up in the following paragraph their eventful career:—

In the history of the Lennox family, their rise and progress to royal rank will be traced. But throughout the entire history there appear many instances of the vicissitudes which sometimes befall great families. For many generations the earls of the old race prospered, and not only retained, but increased, their vast possessions. But all at once, when it seemed as if they would become more prosperous and powerful than ever, calamity fell upon Duncan, the eighth earl, who, to slake the vengeance of King James the First, was, when far advanced in years, beheaded with two of his grandsons and Murdoch Duke of Albany, his son-in-law. His daughter, the Duchess Isabella, after the melancholy fate of her father, her husband, and two sons, passed the remainder of her days in solitary widowhood in a lonely island, during which she possessed the Lennox estates only by sufferance, the government apparently thinking that enough had been done to crush the illustrious house of Lennox. After her death the descendants of her sisters, the ladies Elizabeth and Margaret, who were co-heiresses of the earldom, were kept out of their rightful possessions by the grasping injustice of Andrew Lord Avendale, who, being chancellor of King James the Third, obtained a grant in life-rent of the en-

* *The Lennox.* By WILLIAM FRASER. Memoirs and Charters. 2 vols. 4to. Edinburgh: 1874.

tire earldom. John Stewart Lord Darnley, who was entitled to the half of the earldom and to the title of Earl of Lennox, did not obtain his rightful inheritance till after the death of Lord Avendale in 1488. Darnley was thus deprived of his Lennox rights for nearly twenty years.

The Stewart Earls of Lennox were even more unfortunate than the earls of the original Lennox family, and seemed like the Stewart kings, the race from which they sprang, as if marked out for the shafts of calamity. Matthew, the son and successor of John the first earl of Lennox of the Stewart line, fell at Flodden in 1513. John, his son and successor, was treacherously slain by Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, at the battle fought near Linlithgow in 1526. Matthew, the son and successor of that John, had his honors and estates forfeited, and was banished from Scotland for twenty years. After his restoration, and after having enjoyed the high office of regent of Scotland for little more than a year, he was assassinated in 1521, in an attempt to suppress an insurrection against his authority as regent. The cruel murder of his eldest surviving son, King Henry Darnley, who had been raised to the highest dignity in the State by his marriage with Queen Mary, is one of the most tragic events in Scottish history of the sixteenth century. The only brother of Darnley, after becoming Earl of Lennox, died within four years, at the early age of twenty-one, leaving an only child, the Lady Arabella Stewart, whose brief life was very miserable, being a constant succession of disappointments, imprisonments, and sufferings, to which she at last succumbed. Robert, the fourteenth earl, enjoyed the earldom less than two years, and was afterwards involved in an unseemly contention with his wife, Lady Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of John Earl of Athole, from whom he was divorced. Esmé the first Duke of Lennox, after enjoying his high dignity of duke for the brief space of two years, and after having been a special favorite of King James the Sixth, was driven from Scotland by the popular feeling against him, and soon after died in France. The subsequent dukes seldom possessed their estates and honors long or happily. On the death of Charles, the sixth duke, in 1672, the direct male descendants became extinct; and after King Charles the Second had revived the dukedom in the new line of Lennox and Richmond, the Lennox estates were sold, and his descendants, the later Dukes of Lennox, deservedly very popular noblemen, and none of them more so than the present representative, have possessed

their Lennox title entirely separated from every acre of the Lennox territory.

It appears, therefore, that the present English ducal family which bears the illustrious name of Lennox has no connection with the ancient earls and dukes of Lennox, except that which it derives by an irregular descent from Charles II. and Louise de Quérouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, and from the revival of the title by that sovereign in the person of one of his illegitimate offspring. The landed possessions which accompanied the Scottish title passed, early in the last century, by sales into other hands.

To find the nearest personal representative of the ancient earls of Lennox, Mr. Fraser teaches us to look in a totally different direction; and, curiously enough, it is in the family of Oswald of Auchencruive that this heir is to be found. A member of that family, who was, we believe, originally a merchant of Glasgow, has left some mark in the history of the last century, as the friend of Lord Shelburne, who opened the negotiations with Benjamin Franklin which led to the peace of 1783 and the close of the American war. His grandson, the late Mr. Oswald of Auchencruive, succeeded about twenty years ago in establishing, with the assistance of Mr. Fraser, his descent from the Haldanes of that ilk, the Haldanes being an ancient border race which long held a barony of that name in the county of Roxburgh. After the death of Isabella Countess of Lennox in 1460, the earldom of Lennox was, as we shall presently see, divided. John Lord Darnley claimed and ultimately obtained one-half of the earldom. The second heir-portioneer was Agnes Menteith, a great-granddaughter of Duncan Earl of Lennox. This lady was married to John Haldane, then of Gleneagles, and at that period whatever devolved on the wife belonged to the husband. This John Haldane had the good fortune to be a favorite of King James III., and very nearly succeeded in obtaining from the king the principal part of the earldom. The contention between the Haldanes and Lord Darnley lasted for several years, and although it was ultimately decided in favor of the latter, it may be inferred that if the

true Darnley line is extinct, that of the Haldanes is next in succession. The late Mr. Alexander Oswald succeeded in establishing by an interlocutor of the Lord Lyon of March 15, 1861, that he was the heir-general of the Haldanes, and he was authorized by letters patent to add the name of Haldane to his own, and to bear the arms of that family, including those of Lennox and Menteith. The book now before us was commenced by his liberality. Unhappily he did not live to witness the completion of it, for he died in 1868. His estates passed in 1871 to Mr. Richard Alexander Oswald, now of Auchencruive, by whom the work has been brought to a termination. It is a noble monument — *aer perennius* — raised by a remote descendant to an illustrious ancestry.

For, as may be inferred from the passage we have quoted from Mr. Fraser's introduction, the history of the Lennoxes, which begins in the eleventh or twelfth century, ends with Henry Darnley in the sixteenth. In writing the lives of the Lennoxes, Mr. Fraser finds himself, more than once, rewriting a page or a chapter of the history of Scotland; and, indeed, his researches have enabled him to add to his work some unpublished letters of Queen Mary and of James VI., and some important acts of their reigns, to which we shall refer before we conclude.

But, first, what is the Lennox? Where is the territory which gave birth to these worthies? Mr. Fraser, with genuine archaeological enthusiasm, takes us back to the Roman conquest, the wall of Antonine, and the legendary kingdom of Strathclyde; but we shall spare our readers these details. Suffice it to say that he who embarks in a Glasgow steamer to descend the magnificent valley of the Clyde finds himself at Dumbarton in the heart of the Lennox. That celebrated fortress, whose present appearance belies its past history, was considered for ages to be the stronghold of a race of princes, and even to determine the fate of Scotland. It stands in the centre of the Lennox territory, bordered on the south by the Clyde, on the west by Argyll's country and Loch Long; on the north by the Grampian hills that overhang Loch Lomond; and on the

east by the earldom of Menteith, in the county of Stirling. Thus the Lennox territory lay on the confines of the Highlands and the Lowlands. It commanded the great western estuary of the kingdom, and it included one of the most picturesque and well-known portions of the northern kingdom. Of the millions who pass over it to-day how few give a thought to its former owners or its past history! The extreme length of the Lennox was forty-seven miles, and its breadth from eight to two miles — an area of two hundred and twenty-eight square miles. The hills have ever been well wooded, and were celebrated in ancient times for the beasts of chase; the shores are indented by beautiful lochs, or arms of the sea, and in Loch Lomond the Lennox possesses the finest freshwater loch in Scotland. Mr. Fraser has described every island which studs its surface in picturesque language, and he gives us an equally full account of the castles of the Lennox, which has, however, been in some measure anticipated by Mr. Joseph Irving's excellent history of Dumbartonshire. He describes the well-known exploit of the capture of Dumbarton Castle by Captain Crawford with great animation, and makes us better acquainted with that heroic individual, whose descendants in the tenth generation may still be traced amongst us. On the western shore of Loch Lomond lay the famous sanctuary of Lennox, where the privilege of "girth," as it was termed, was granted in 1315 by King Robert the Bruce to a territory extending three miles around the church of Luss. The charter (which is now at Buchanan Castle) "confirmed to God and the blessed Kessog forever that liberty which is called Gyrth, namely, around the church of Lusse, for the space of three miles on every side by land or by water, as freely and quietly as any liberty which is called Gyrth through the whole kingdom of Scotland, and to the earls of Lennox forever the punishment with the correction of delinquents, within the said liberty." There is still a rude image of Saint Mac Kessog (whoever he may be) in the chapel at Rossdhu.

Although the Lennox was thus placed on the borders of the western Highlands,

its chiefs and its people had nothing of the Celtic or Highland character. They belonged entirely to the Lowland kingdom of Scotland. Indeed, the forbears of the first Earl of Lennox were supposed to be Saxons, who resisted William the Conqueror after the battle of Hastings, and retired to this wild region to defy his power. They retained something of the Saxon language and character. Certain it is that Alwin, the son of Archill, was a man of mark at the court of King David I., and it is supposed that Malcolm IV. created him Earl of Lennox about the year 1153. Several charters are in existence which bear his name, for he was liberal to the Church, and the Cluniac monastery of Paisley was especially enriched by him and by his successors. He was the first of the eight earls of Lennox of the original creation, who flourished in the land from 1153 to 1425. Mr. Fraser passes them faithfully in review. They fit before us like the sons of Banquo, and are nearly as visionary, until we come to Malcolm, the fifth earl, who is described by Mr. Fraser in the following terms : —

On the appearance of Robert Bruce, the grandson of that Bruce who had contested the crown of Scotland with Baliol, this Earl of Lennox was among the first of the nobility who joined his standard. He fought with him in most of his battles against the English for the deliverance of his country from their oppression and tyranny, shared in his perils and hardships, and continued till the death of Bruce his loyal subject, never wavering in his allegiance under the most trying circumstances.

Bruce was crowned at Scone on March 27, 1306. But only a few weeks after that event, namely, in June, he was defeated by the English in the wood of Methven, about a mile from Perth. After this defeat he and his followers, in their wanderings, reached the hills of Arrochar, where, rather from hunger than for amusement, they had dispersed themselves for the chase. While hunting there, they were discovered by Malcolm Earl of Lennox, who, to protect himself from the English, had been compelled to seek shelter in the fastnesses of his own earldom, and who on that day was similarly occupied. The congratulations on both sides were hearty, and the earl provided for Bruce and his companions a grateful repast in a secure retreat, where they mutually told each other the dangers and hardships they had encountered since they met. This romantic and interesting episode in the lives of Bruce and the Earl of Lennox is narrated at length in the "Chiefs of Colquhoun and their Country."

This earl showed the most disinterested devotion to the interests of Bruce. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, which was fought on Monday, June 24 (John the Baptist's day),

1314, Bruce was engaged in besieging the Castle of Dumbaron, which, under Sir John Menteith, held out against him after the most important strongholds in the kingdom had ceased to remain in the hands of the English. Menteith would surrender it to him only on condition of his obtaining from Bruce the earldom of Lennox. Earl Malcolm was prepared to surrender his princely earldom, should this be necessary, for the sake of his beloved sovereign, and Menteith's proposal the king agreed to, after the earl had assented to it. Bruce, however, obtained the castle without being reduced to so hard a necessity. Having been invited by Menteith to come to it to complete the negotiations, and to obtain possession, he started for the castle, attended by a chosen band of followers; and though informed on his way, in the woods of Colquhoun, by a carpenter of the name of Rolland, that Menteith intended to make him a prisoner and to send him to Edward, king of England, in the same way as he had sent Wallace, he still pursued his journey. On his arrival at the castle, the keys were delivered to him by Menteith, who conducted him through the whole. Observing that there was a cellar into which he was not admitted, Bruce suspected that a party of soldiers were secreted there; and he insisted that it should be searched. Receiving an equivocal answer, he and his attendants forced open the door, upon which they discovered an armed band of English soldiers, whose presence of mind, however, failed them on seeing Bruce with his party, and they confessed the whole conspiracy. The castle was now in the hands of Bruce, and Menteith was thrown into a dungeon, but was afterwards pardoned by Bruce on condition that he should fight in the front ranks at the battle of Bannockburn, which he did, displaying the utmost bravery.

The wretched traitor who had betrayed Wallace, and who would have betrayed the Bruce, might well have deserved a harsher fate; but nothing is more striking in the annals of Scotland in those wild times than the facility with which acts of treachery, conspiracies, and crimes were condoned, unless they were signally avenged at the moment of detection.

We pass over some intermediate Lennoxes to arrive at Duncan, the eighth earl, whose daughters by their marriages acquired a powerful influence on the whole history of the royal race of Scotland, and whose own career was closed by a horrible and sanguinary act of vengeance. In 1391, shortly after the accession of Robert III., the second king of the Stewart dynasty, Duncan of Lennox affianced his eldest daughter, Isabella (then a child), to Murdoch Stewart, the son and heir of the king's brother, then Earl of Fife, afterwards Duke of Albany, who became regent

and governor of the kingdom during the minority of James I. Elizabeth, another daughter of Duncan, married Sir John Stewart of Darnley, whose son was created Lord Darnley. This last-mentioned Sir John Stewart repaired to the court of Charles VII. of France, where he obtained the lands and title of Aubigny, and the right to quarter the arms of the king of France with his own. Duncan had a third daughter, named Margaret, but no sons. The marriage of Isabella, the eldest daughter, closely connected the house of Lennox with that of Albany — indeed, her husband Murdoch succeeded his father in the regency, and continued to govern the kingdom in the absence of James I. The supposed inhuman murder of the Duke of Rothesay, the king's brother, by starvation, lay at their door. Nevertheless it was Duke Murdoch who, in compliance with the wishes of his people, negotiated the return of James I. from England, where he had been detained in a sort of honorable captivity for nineteen years. He was crowned at Scone in April 1424.

King James I. (of Scotland) has been rather a favorite with our historians. Principal Robertson, the most eloquent, and Mr. Burton, the most accurate of these writers, applaud him for the culture he had acquired at the court of Henry IV. and Henry V., and for his efforts to introduce a better system of law and administration into his own distracted kingdom. But Mr. Fraser handles this sovereign in a different fashion. It is scarcely possible to doubt that he cherished a deep resentment against the chiefs of the house of Albany, probably from the belief that they aimed at the crown, and he was resolved to assert his authority by striking a fatal blow at those great Scottish houses which were the rivals of the sovereign, themselves boasting a royal descent. Certain it is, that barely eight months had elapsed after the return of this king, when he caused Murdoch, Duke of Albany, his wife Isabella, their two sons, Walter and Alexander, and his father-in-law Duncan, Earl of Lennox, with twenty-six of the chief nobles of the kingdom, to be arrested. James Stewart, the second son of Albany, escaped to Ireland; but five of his followers were seized and torn to pieces by horses at Stirling. Mr. Burton, who passes somewhat lightly over this transaction, says that the twenty-six nobles were speedily dismissed; if so, the Earl of Lennox was not among them. That aged and illustrious nobleman shared the fate of his kinsmen. Walter Stewart was first brought

to trial, though no evidence remains of the crime with which he was charged. The king himself presided over the court which condemned him. On the following day the Duke of Albany, Alexander his third son, and Duncan Earl of Lennox, were tried, found guilty, and instantly led forth to execution on the Heading Hill of Stirling. This was certainly one of the most cruel actions which disgrace our national history. It was a *coup d'état* of the most sanguinary character. Nothing is known to explain or justify it; for if the houses of Lennox and Albany really aimed at the crown, they had ample opportunities to effect a revolution before the return of James to his dominions. We can only suppose that it was dictated by fear and by a determination to crush these two powerful chiefs of the Scottish nobility; and so in fact it was regarded at the time, for when Sir Robert Graham led the conspiracy in 1437 for the assassination of James I., in the queen's chamber at Perth, he exclaimed, "Thou cruell tirant, thou hast nevr mercy of lordes borne of thy blode, ne of non other gentleman that came yn thy dawnger. Therefore no mercy shalt thow have here." In spite of the alleged treason and prompt execution of the eighth earl of Lennox, his lands of Lennox were not confiscated to the crown, and the duchess-countess Isabella, the widow of Murdoch, after a term of imprisonment in Tantallon Castle, was eventually permitted to assume and enjoy the honors and estates of the earldom, as heir of her father Duncan. She resided principally in her island castle of Inchmurrin, in Loch Lomond, where she granted numerous charters which are still in existence; but it was not until after the death of the great enemy of her race and the accession of James II. that she assumed all her titles and honors as Duchess of Albany and Countess of Lennox.

These tragical events led to the extinction of the direct male line of the ancient Earls of Lennox; for James Stewart, the only surviving son of Duncan, who fled to Ireland, died there in 1451, leaving no legitimate children, though he had seven illegitimate sons. The earldom, therefore, fell into abeyance, and the vast estates belonging to it became, on the death of Lady Isabella, the subject of much controversy and of a very singular arrangement. First in the rank of these claimants was Andrew, the eldest natural son of the Irish James, who had been well received and educated in Scotland by King James II.; he was raised to the rank of Baron of

Avandale, and in the following reign was made lord high chancellor of Scotland, an office which he filled for twenty-three years.

Brought up partially at Inchmurrin with his grandmother, Isabella Duchess of Albany and Countess of Lennox, as were perhaps also some of his brothers, Lord Avandale was familiar with the Lennox district. When he had risen to a position of great honor and power in the State, inflamed by ambition, and coveting the earldom of Lennox, he long obstructed, as we shall afterwards see, the partition of that vast inheritance among the rightful heirs upon the death of his grandmother, Duchess Isabella, in 1460. From his power as chancellor, and from the king's minority, it was not difficult for him to accomplish this object. He probably hoped that at some future time he would succeed in appropriating to himself that earldom; nor in that age was illegitimacy always an insuperable obstacle to succession, if the aspirant were sufficiently powerful.

But, in spite of the high position of Lord Avandale, and of his irregular descent from the last earl, he never obtained the object of his ambition. The king, however, granted him the whole earldom of Lennox for life by a charter of May 4, 1471, and he thus became life-renter of the family inheritance, without prejudice to the eventual rights of the true heirs. This grant was undoubtedly in excess of the authority of the crown, due only to the power of the chancellor. He held the life-rent, however, till his death in 1488.

Had Isabella's two sisters, the Ladies Elizabeth and Margaret, survived her, the earldom of Lennox would upon her death have been divided equally between them; but as they were dead it was divided among their representatives. The first co-heir was John Stewart of Darnley, grandson of the Lady Elizabeth, and great-grandson of Earl Duncan. He took his grandmother's portion of one-half, and hence the house of Darnley became the principal representative of the house of Lennox, and may be regarded as the founder of the new branch, who figured in the most momentous period of Scottish history under that name. The second half of the earldom fell to the two great-granddaughters of Earl Duncan — Agnes Menteith who married a Haldane, whence Mr. Oswald traces his descent; and Elizabeth Menteith who married Napier of Merchiston, and was an ancestress of the illustrious race of Napier, distinguished alike in science and in arms. This settlement was not accomplished without a long contest between the heirs, especially between Hal-

dane, in right of his wife, and Darnley; but leaving these legal details and the comparatively obscure annals of the younger branches, we shall confine ourselves to the historical records of the family of Darnley.

John Lord Darnley succeeded, as we have seen, in making good his claim to the earldom of Lennox, in spite of which he engaged in conspiracies and acts of treason against his sovereign King James IV.; but the king was lenient, the forfeitures he had incurred were soon remitted, and on his death in 1495 the earldom passed to Matthew, his eldest son. It may here be noticed that, besides five legitimate sons, he had a natural son, Alan Stuart, of Cardonald, in the parish of Paisley, from whom the present Lord Blantyre is descended. This Matthew accompanied his sovereign King James IV. to the fatal field of Flodden, where he and the Earl of Argyll commanded the right wing of the Scottish army, and where these noblemen were both slain.

The eleventh earl, whose name was also John, took an active part in the struggles which marked the minority of James V., and was distinguished for his services to the king in opposition to the Earl of Arran and the French party, headed by the queen dowager. Mr. Fraser produces a copy of a remarkable bond, dated June 26, 1526, the day after the declaration of the king's majority, by which James engaged "of his own free will, without any compulsion or desire on the part of Lennox, to use the counsel of that earl, specially and in preference to that of all others, and to do nothing without his advice, and he swore, touching the Holy Gospels, to abide by the same." The grounds which the king assigned for bringing himself under this obligation were the great services performed and expenses incurred by the Earl of Lennox during the king's minority, and the dangers to which he had exposed himself personally, and his friends and goods, in maintaining the king's authority and personal liberty. But this honorable confidence was soon terminated by death. On September 4, 1526, Lennox, at the head of an army of twelve thousand men, attacked Arran at a ford of the river Avon, near Linlithgow; but his forces were routed, and he himself killed on the field, by Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, a bastard son of Arran. Arran himself saw the dead body of the Earl of Lennox, who was his nephew, where it lay on the field, and he is said to have exclaimed, as he threw his scarlet cloak over his fallen antagonist:

"The wisest, the best, the bravest man in Scotland, has fallen this day." This blood feud was settled by a remission (as it is termed), that Sir James Hamilton should perform the three great pilgrimages of Scotland by way of penance, and should maintain for seven years six priests, whose office it should be to say masses for the soul of the slaughtered earl, three in the College Kirk of Hamilton, and three in the Blackfriars of Glasgow. This agreement was ratified by the king, and is still in existence in the muniment room of Buchanan.

Matthew, twelfth Earl of Lennox and fourth Earl of Darnley, and regent of Scotland, was the most conspicuous personage who ever bore that illustrious title, and it is from him, as the father of Henry Darnley, that the royal family of these kingdoms descends. James VI. was his grandson, in whose person was accomplished the union of the crowns. But ere that event was brought about, Scotland, England, and the house of Lennox had to cross a gulf of combat and of crime.

Upon the birth of Mary Queen of Scots, for her accession to the throne almost coincided with her birth, in 1542, the designs of Henry VIII. to obtain by policy or by violence the dominion of Scotland began immediately to take effect. The minority of the infant queen under the regent Arran was marked by a fierce struggle of the French and English parties in Scotland, which had already assumed something of the religious and personal character they retained throughout the century. The queen-mother of Scotland was a Guise; the nearest relations of Queen Mary were Tudors, from her grandmother the wife of James IV. and the sister of Henry VIII. The king's first scheme was to affiance his son Prince Edward to the Queen of Scots; to conclude an alliance between the crowns; and, above all, to get possession of what was termed "the child." But on this last point all his efforts failed. Scotsmen would never give up the person of their queen. The details of these negotiations have been ably and amply related by Mr. Burton in his history from the letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, the English ambassador in Scotland. What it now concerns us to remark is, that when Arran opposed him and Angus failed him, Henry VIII. found his chief supporter and instrument in Lennox. This fact was the more remarkable, as Lennox was himself half a Frenchman. He had spent his youth at the Court of France; he had as Lord of Aubigny great possessions and

high rank in that country. He might be supposed to be attached to the house of Guise: indeed he had been invited to come from France to Scotland by Cardinal Beaton, expressly to support the French party; and he aspired at one time to the hand of the queen-dowager. But Henry VIII. had it in his power to offer a higher prize. The ambition of Lennox was to marry the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Queen Margaret of Scotland by her second marriage with the Earl of Angus, and consequently niece to the king of England. This was one of the conditions on which he proposed to Sadler to abandon the French party, and adhere to that of England. Henry consented to the marriage, having been called in to assist Lennox and Glencairn in their resistance to Arran and Cardinal Beaton; and the result was the conclusion of an arrangement which alienated Lennox from Scotland for twenty years and even turned his arms against his native land.

At Carlisle, on May 17, Lennox and Glencairn entered into an agreement of a most unpatriotic and treasonable character with Henry the Eighth of England, embracing numerous stipulations on both sides. By it the two earls acknowledged Henry as protector of the kingdom of Scotland, and engaged to do their utmost to put him in possession of several of the strongest fortresses in Scotland, such as the castle of Dumbarton, the Isle of Bute, the castle of Rothesay, and other lands and lordships in Scotland. They further bound themselves to promote the marriage of the infant Queen Mary with Prince Edward of England; to place the person of Mary in the hands of Henry; to serve him against France and all nations and persons, there being no reservation of their allegiance to their own sovereign; and to cause the word of God to be taught in the realm of Scotland, which was the only redeeming portion of this disloyal contract. King Henry, on his part, promised to bestow in marriage upon Lennox, his niece, Lady Margaret Douglas, only daughter of Archibald, Earl of Angus, by Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, king of England, and queen-dowager of James the Fourth, king of Scotland, who resided at the court of Henry; and to secure that Lennox should be governor of the kingdom of Scotland under King Henry, provided the scheme should be successful. Robert Stewart, the bishop-elect of Caithness, was to remain a hostage in England for his brother's performance of his part of the contract. Henry was to grant a pension of one thousand crowns per annum to the Earl of Glencairn and his son, and was to continue Lennox as his pensioner. . . . Lennox obtained from Henry the Eighth letters of naturalization, dated Westminster Palace, July 6, 1544. On the same day the marriage

between him and Lady Margaret Douglas was celebrated in the Palace of St. James, which had been prepared for the nuptial entertainment.

A few days after the marriage, whilst Henry embarked for France with the army which had recently been in Scotland, Lennox took leave of his bride, and departed with an invading fleet to conduct a desultory warfare on the western coast of Scotland. His countess meanwhile remained at court with Queen Katherine Parr, who had been appointed to act as regent during Henry's absence in France.

The result of this unnatural warfare was that Lennox was pronounced guilty of treason at a Parliament held at Linlithgow in 1545; his estates were forfeited and parcelled out. The French king, on learning that he had passed over to the English side, cast his brother John d'Aubigny into prison and deprived him of his honors. Lennox subsequently took part in the invasion of Scotland under the protector Somerset, and laid waste the west marches. He had, in fact, assumed the character of an English prince, and he was largely rewarded for his apostasy. Wressil Castle, which had been taken from the Percys by Henry VIII., was given to him as keeper. The Percy mansion at Hackney near London became his abode; and he also enjoyed the splendid mansion of Temple Newsome, an ancient possession of the Order of the Temple, where his son Henry Darnley was born.

Elizabeth and her ministers regarded him with suspicion. He was thought to be intriguing with the queen-dowager of Scotland. He was accused of trafficking with Papists. Indeed it is not easy to say to which faith he belonged. His son was brought up as a Catholic. Lennox himself attended mass in the queen's chapel on his return to Holyrood; but in England he affected to be a Protestant. At one moment, in 1562, both the Earl of Lennox and his countess were committed to the Tower. But, upon the whole, Elizabeth seconded his desire to obtain from Mary Queen of Scots the reversion of his forfeiture, with leave to return to Scotland. Knox viewed the project of his return with suspicion, for he was known to be less Scotch than English, and was suspected of being a Catholic. But at last letters of license were granted him to leave England; and in Scotland letters under the signet of the queen were issued "releasing him from the horn," and the symbolical wand of peace was delivered to John Earl of Athole, on behalf of Lennox,

on September 22, 1564. He appeared at Holyrood House on the following day with great pomp and splendor. A few days afterwards he was restored to all his honors, and on October 27 Lennox and James Earl of Arran were reconciled in presence of the queen and drank together.

It is worthy of remark how very closely the course of events so memorable and so fatal to the Lennox family followed each other, and how peculiar the position of the Lennox was in Scotland from their long residence in England and their very recent rehabilitation. Their ascendancy at court and their consequent opposition to Murray, the queen's half-brother, must have commenced immediately. Within nine months of the return, Henry Darnley was married to Queen Mary (July 29, 1565); another nine months, and the young king joins in the murder of Rizzio (March 9, 1566); and before another twelvemonth had expired (February 10, 1567) he himself was murdered.

The Darnley marriage was, independently of the passion Mary had conceived for the young nobleman, the most reasonable and politic that could be thought of. Henry Darnley was, if the daughters of Henry VIII. should pass away without issue, the nearest male representative and heir of the house of Tudor. His grandmother, the widow of James IV., was the daughter of Henry VII., whereas Mary herself was one degree further removed than the Countess of Lennox from their common ancestor. Thus by their marriage two claims to the succession, which might have conflicted, coalesced; and had the conduct and character of Darnley been those of a reasonable being, he had before him the most brilliant prospects. Yet, no doubt, the marriage was in Scotland extremely unpopular, and it required all the art of Mary to cause the husband of her choice to be accepted by the nobles and the people. This reluctance appears to have originated in the general distrust of the Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, whose return to Scotland was so recent, and who was chiefly known by his adherence to the enemies of his native country. Elizabeth herself disapproved, or affected to disapprove, the marriage. She still regarded Lennox and his son as her own subjects. She ordered them to return to England, and hardly suppressed her irritation when she found that her orders and her remonstrances were vain. The result soon justified her sinister predictions.

The death of Darnley, and the horrible suspicion that Queen Mary was privy to

the crime, instantly broke off the friendly relations which had sprung up between Lennox and the court of Scotland. He addressed three letters to the queen within three weeks beseeching her to take measures to bring the murderers to trial, and on March 24 he formally accused Bothwell of the conspiracy. The trial of Bothwell was a farce, and the queen forbade Lennox to come to Edinburgh to be present at it. Distrusting his own fate, he repaired to England, and appealed to Queen Elizabeth to avenge her murdered kinsman and subject. Within three months from the date of the murder Mary's marriage to Bothwell stamped her with the strongest presumption of guilt. Upon the assassination of the regent Murray in January, 1570, Lennox re-entered Scotland at the head of an English army "to pull the feathers out of the wings of Queen Mary's party;" and he had the additional incentive of wreaking vengeance on his old enemies and rivals of the house of Hamilton. It was by the direct influence of Elizabeth that on July 2, 1570, Lennox was elected regent of the kingdom during the minority of his grandson James VI. During the short and stormy period of his government, he was engaged in constant hostilities with Chatelherault, Huntly, Maitland of Lethington, Kirkaldy of Grange, and the other leaders of the queen's party, who had invoked, and hoped to obtain, assistance from the Duke of Alva. It was at this time that the castle of Dumbarton, which had held out for the queen, though in the heart of the Lennox country, was taken with so much courage and address by Captain Thomas Crawford. Kirkaldy, who still held the castle of Edinburgh, declared that he would never surrender it or acknowledge Matthew Earl of Lennox, who was a sworn Englishman, as regent.

Lennox's tenure of the office of regent was soon to be cut short by the hand of violence. Whilst a Parliament, summoned by Lennox to meet on September 4, 1571, was held at Stirling Castle, and numerously attended, an attempt was made by the queen's party, in execution of a plan formed by Kirkaldy of Grange, to surprise the Parliament by a considerable body of horse and foot, headed by the Earl of Huntly, Lord Claud Hamilton, Scott of Buccleuch, and Spens of Wormiston, who left Edinburgh on the evening of September 3, and reached Stirling by four o'clock in the morning.

At the time of their arrival the inhabitants were sunk in sleep, and the Parliament, from imagined security, not having posted so much as a single sentry on the walls during the time

of its sitting, this military force advanced without the least opposition to the marketplace. Having surrounded the lodgings of the chief nobility, they made the regent and ten other noblemen prisoners, with the intention of carrying them to Edinburgh. The enterprise at first promised success, but it was speedily defeated. Scott of Buccleuch's marauding borderers and others, who had not been accustomed to regular discipline, dispersed to plunder the stables of horses, and the houses and merchants' booths of whatever they considered valuable, instead of watching the prisoners. Meanwhile the Earl of Mar, one of the members of Parliament, hearing the noise, suddenly sallied out of the castle with forty soldiers, and, assisted by the citizens, who now took arms, drove them from the marketplace, and compelled them to abandon their prisoners, who, amidst the confusion created, seized such weapons as were at hand, and assisted in putting the enemy to flight. All the prisoners were saved, with the exception of the Earl of Lennox, who was shot through the back by Captain George Calder, who had been instigated to assassinate him by Lord Claud Hamilton and Huntly. He was made prisoner by Spens of Wormiston. This brave and honorable man, who had been specially charged by Kirkaldy of Grange to save the life of the regent at whatever risk, executed so faithfully this command, that, on perceiving Calder's murderous intention, he threw himself between Calder and his intended victim, and received through his own body the bullet by which Lennox was mortally wounded. Spens was barbarously killed by the king's party, who came up, Lennox calling upon them with a feeble voice — for the hand of death was upon him — to spare the life of the generous man who had risked his own in his defense. After receiving a mortal wound, the regent continued to ride on his horse till he reached the castle, when he alighted. On the way, when encouraged by his friends, he answered, "If the babe be well" — meaning the king — "all is well." On his entering the castle, it was found on examination that his wound was mortal, and, knowing that he had only a few hours to live, he took leave of them all one by one, requesting them to assist him with their prayers, in which he himself continued some hours.

He died at four o'clock in the afternoon, and was interred in the chapel royal in Stirling Castle. He "mycht haue lievit in Ingland," says a contemporary, "with greit eise, wer not he wes send about be great men of this realme to accept ane charge vpoun him that he wes not hable to perfome or gyde." Spottiswoode describes him in more laudatory terms: "A man he was of noble qualities, tried with both fortunes, and if he had enjoyed a longer and more peaceable time, he had doubtless made the kingdom happy by his government." A tombstone, in a style corresponding to his rank, was raised to his memory by his countess Margaret, whom he had

affectionately mentioned in his last moments. On it was engraven a simple English inscription. A costly and magnificent jewel, now known as the "Lennox Jewel," was ordered to be made by the widow of Lennox as a memorial of her late husband in another form. This interesting work of art is now the property of her present Majesty.

And so ended the last of the true Earls of Lennox. His countess, the Lady Margaret, survived him about six years; she died at Hackney on March 9, 1578, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, where her monument has recently been restored to its pristine splendor.*

At this period in the history of this great family Mr. Fraser suspends his labors and his narrative. Upon the death of his grandfather the earldom descended to King James VI., then in the sixth year of his age. A re-grant of it was made to the king's uncle, Lord Charles Stewart, but he died four years afterwards, leaving an only daughter, the Lady Arabella Stewart, whose romantic history fills another page in the melancholy annals of her race. When Esmé Stewart, head of the Aubigny branch of the Lennox, came to Scotland, the king, his cousin, took him into special favor, and he was created not only Earl, but Duke of Lennox, with possession of the family estates. His male descendants ended in 1672 with Charles, the sixth duke of the second line, upon which the estates devolved on King Charles II. as the nearest collateral heir. The male line of Sir John Stewart of Darnley, first Lord of Aubigny in France, terminated on the death of Prince Henry Stewart, Cardinal York, in 1807. The heir of line of the Dukes of Lennox is the present Lord Darnley; his ancestor, Mr. John Bligh, being the grandson of Lady Catherine Stewart, a sister of the sixth duke of Lennox, was created Earl of Darnley in the peerage of Ireland in 1725.

The second volume of Mr. Fraser's work consists of a collection of the ancient charters and correspondence of the Lennox family, which are the fruits of his elaborate researches in the muniment rooms of Scotland. The earliest of these charters date from the year 1200; and there is scarcely an incident related in these volumes of family history which is not substantiated by documentary evidence still in existence. We shall not attempt to introduce our readers to records of such venerable antiquity, however inter-

esting they may be to the diligent antiquary. The family correspondence is less copious and curious than that which we have met with in some other volumes of Mr. Fraser's series; but on the other hand it proceeds from persons far more illustrious, and has therefore more historical value. We shall conclude this article by borrowing from Mr. Fraser's pages two or three of these royal autographs, hitherto unpublished, and they shall appear in their original dress, which is grotesque and amusing.

The eminent service of Captain Thomas Crawford in the capture of Dumbarton Castle under the regency of Lennox has been more than once alluded to in these pages. There is an amusing letter to this worthy from Hew Crawfurd of Crawfurd John, in Lanarkshire (we presume his son or nephew), dated from Edinburgh in 1598, in which the writer says: "As to zowr quhyit peis (white peas) their is nane to be haid for the present, bot sa sone as I can try on I sail send sum to zow. I haif coft (bought) twa pair spectakillis with ane kace for awcht schillingis; thay ar verie few and evill to be had in this towne as this berar saw; bot the first that cumis hame that is guid I sail by ane pair to zow." Captain Thomas was a great favorite of James VI., and Mr. Fraser gives us in *facsimile* the following curious documents. The first is written in a fine, scholarlike hand when the king was but eight years old.

HOLOGRAPH LETTER OF KING JAMES VI.
IN HIS NINTH YEAR, TO CAPTAIN THOMAS
CRAUFURD OF JORDANHILL, WITH TWO
RATIFICATIONS, ALSO HOLOGRAPH OF THE
KING : DATED RESPECTIVELY SEPTEMBER
15, 1575, SEPTEMBER 5, 1584, AND MARCH
23, 1591.

Capten Craufurd : I have hard sic report of your gud seruice done to me from the beginning of the weiris agains my onfreindis, as I sail sum day remember the same, God willing, to your greit contentment. In the main quhyle be of gud confort, and reserue you to that tyme with patience, being assurit of my fauour. Faire weil. 1575. xv September.

Your gud freind, JAMES R.

Ve aproue thir foure lynes aboue writtinn with oure auin hand be this present. At Falkland, the fift day of September 1584.

JAMES R.

I ratifie this mannis evident, being now of parfyte yeiris, and past all revocation. At Linlithquo, the xx3 of Marche 1591.

JAMES R.

To my speciali gud seruant Capten Craufurd of Jordanhill.

* By a slip of the pen Mr. Fraser states that this monument is in Henry VIII.'s Chapel: he means, of course, Henry VII.'s.

Upon the death of Elizabeth, James addressed the following letter, dated from Holyrood March 27, 1603, to Ludovic, second Duke of Lennox (the son of Esmé Stewart), calling upon him to accompany the court to England. This personage was afterwards created Earl of Richmond in 1614 and Duke of Richmond in 1623, but he died soon after his last creation without issue.

Dearest cousin and counsallour, we greet you hertlie wele. Hauing be our seruand laitlie gevin aduertisement to you of the nearnes of the death of our vñquhile dearest sister, the Quene of England, and desirit yow to prepair yourself for our seruice, and accompanying ws as the wechtines of that mater requirit: We haue now ressauit the certantie of hir deceis, and that we or proclaimit thare King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, with all solempnitie, and, thairfoir, haue thocht guid to gif zow aduertisement thairof, and to desire zou to addresse zourseiff hither to ws, in zour maist cumelie and decent maner, to attend vpoun and accompanuy ws, and in cais ze can not, in dew tyme, be ready and prepairit befoir our talking journey thither, that ze fail not to follow ws with all diligence, as ze tender our plesour and seruice. Sua we commit zou to God. From Halyruidhous, the xxvii of March 1603.

JAMES R.

To our dearest cousin and counsallour the Duke of Lennox.

Mr. Fraser has been able to add some valuable documents to the large collection of the letters of Queen Mary already printed by Prince Labanoff and others. There are no less than twelve letters to the Earl of Cassilis, written principally at the moment of the queen's flight, when she had reached Carlisle to place herself under the treacherous protection of her sister queen. These letters were printed for private circulation in 1849 by Lord Ailsa, but as they are little known one of them may be read with interest here.

LETTER, INTIMATING THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT TO CARLISLE AFTER LANGSIDE, DATED CARLISLE, MAY 20, 1568.

Traist cusing, Forsamekle as I for the salftie of my bodie, findand na suri acces nor place within my realme to retire me at this tyme, as ye may knaw, I wes constraincht to leue the samin and to pas in this cuntrey of Ingland, quhair I assur yow I haue bene ryght weil ressauit and honorablie accompaigned and traicted. I haue deliberit to pas forthward in France to pray the King, my gude broder, to support and help me to delyuer and releue my realme of sic rebellionis, troublis and oppressionis that now regnis within the samin, and to depart furth of this toun the xxxij day of this instant moneth. Thairfore I pray yow

effectuouslie, traist cusing, that ye in the mene-tyme hold your self constant in my seruice, and aduerteiss your freinds and neighbours to do the samin and to be in readines to serue me quhan the occatioun sal offer, as ye haue done trewlie afoir this tyme, speciallie at the last battall, quhair (as I am adwerteist) ye haue done ryght weil your deuoir, ye beand on your featis, qahilk sal nocht be forgit be me in tyme coming. With the help of God I houp to retorne agane about the xv day of August nixt, with gud company, for the effect foresaide, God willing. This I beleue ye will do, as my traist is and wes ay in yow. And for to mak ane end of my bill, I will commit yow to the protectioun of the eternall God. At Carlell, the xx day of Maij 1568.

MARIE R.

I pray you my lord excuss this stamp, becausse the Quene hes na uthir at this tyme.

To my Lord Erle of Cassillis.

To this must be added two other documents of more than ordinary importance, which are here for the first time printed.

It is well known that the marriage of Bothwell to his wife, Lady Jean or Jonet Gordon, was annulled, in order to enable him to contract marriage with the queen, on the ground that no regular dispensation had been obtained so as to enable the first named persons to be united in matrimony by the Church, they being "related to each other in the double fourth degree of consanguinity;" and it has been held by all historians that this essential dispensation (if it ever existed) had been destroyed. The document itself has now been found in the charter chest of the Duke of Sutherland at Dunrobin. It seems that it remained in the custody of Lady Jean, the repudiated wife of Bothwell, and as she married seven years afterwards, in 1573, Alexander, the eleventh Earl of Sutherland, she took it with her into the repositories of that noble house, where it has passed to her present descendants. The dispensation was granted by John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and legate of the pope, in full ecclesiastical form. It follows, therefore, from the discovery of this instrument, that the marriage of Bothwell to Lady Jean Gordon was perfectly legal and canonical, and that the grounds on which it was dissolved were false. That being the case, his subsequent marriage with the queen was no marriage at all, but an adulterous connection between two persons, both previously married, who procured their freedom by the murder of the husband of the one, and the betrayal of the wife of the other. The discovery of the dispensation completes the evidence of the inexpressible turpitude and guilt of

the whole transaction. Its existence was first noticed by Dr. John Stuart in the second Report of the Commissioners for Historical Manuscripts in the year 1871. Lady Jean Gordon long survived all these events, and died in the year 1629 at the age of eighty-four. It is curious that the wife of Bothwell should have lived far into the reign of Charles I.

Another remarkable document, now printed apparently for the first time, is the revocation by Mary Queen of Scots of her resignation of the crown of Scotland in favor of her son. This instrument was drawn up in 1568, but the copy existing in the charter chest of the Earl of Haddington is not dated or signed. It consists of a vigorous and voluminous denunciation of the traitors who caused "this monstrous and unnatural defection and revolt of our detestable subjects," especially James, callit Erle Morray, quhome we of ane spurious bastard (althoche namit our brother) promovit fra ane religious monk to Erle and Lord," etc., and constitutes James, Duke of Chatelherault, the universal and only protector, regent, and governor of the realm. The whole document is extremely curious, for it contains, in language more vituperative than judicial, the whole of Mary's case against her enemies; but it is far too long to be quoted in this place.

We now take leave of Mr. Fraser by offering him our thanks for the instruction and amusement he has afforded us, and we hope that he will long continue this series of portly volumes; the more so, as we have heard that he is now engaged in examining the papers of the great house of Scott of Buccleuch, which cannot fail to be of uncommon interest, especially in regard of the events of the seventeenth century.

SARAH DE BERENGER.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER VIII.

THIS plan of Miss de Berenger's appeared to her nephew so preposterous, that he gave it no better reception than a somewhat ironical smile; then he finished his breakfast, and what more his aunt had to say he heard without receiving the sense. Yet, in less than one month, he was glad to carry out the whole scheme, almost to the letter.

In about a week he found that he was

living precisely up to his income, and had nothing to spare for such contingencies as illness, nor anything to spend on Dick's education. At the same time, Miss de Berenger having said vaguely that no doubt little Dick would soon have a governess, a widow lady, a friend of hers, who lived half a mile off, came and proposed advantageous terms, if her son might come as a day pupil, and take his lessons with Dick. Her boy, she said, was lonely; he was delicate; he was her only child. Might he ride over on his pony? She was sure they should agree about terms.

On this hint Miss de Berenger spoke again, and got leave from Felix to write to Mrs. Snaith; which she did, proposing to the poor woman to come and live in a little cottage then vacant, and pay twenty pounds a year for the education of the two children.

Mrs. Snaith did not often laugh, but she laughed heartily when she got that letter; felt as if she had been politely invited to step into the lion's den, and put it aside, taking nearly a fortnight for considering the precise terms in which she could decline it.

But lo, at the end of that term scarlet fever broke out in the farmhouse where Miss Price the governess lived, and she felt at once a longing desire to get away from the place. She only took her little cottage by the week; she could hire a cart to carry away her furniture to the station. She had spent a good deal of money on her late trip to the shore, and could not possibly afford another. How cheap this plan was—how easy! And, after all, no one but her herself had any power over the children; no one could possibly prevent her taking them away again from these De Berengers whenever she chose.

She drew out the letter again. There was no time to be lost; one more day brought her news of another case of fever, and without loss of an hour she wrote a respectful letter to Miss de Berenger, setting forth that she would appear with the children the very next evening, and what little furniture she had should come with her.

Miss de Berenger had seldom been happier. She rushed to accept the widow's proposition, then she flew to arrange matters with Miss Thimbleby, which she did in such a satisfactory fashion, that this young lady was to receive a small salary for her services, together with vegetarian board, lodging, and leave to educate the little sister; Felix, on his part, taking the remainder of what Mrs. Snaith and the

widow lady were to pay, so as to reimburse himself for his outlay, and pay also for the small quantity of cheap furniture that had to be bought, his main advantage being that he was to get his little brother taught and looked after for nothing.

It was an anxious and trying day for Mrs. Snaith that took her, her children, and her goods, to the new home. Several times during the course of it imagination transported her among the people she was going to. How would they receive her? What questions would they ask? She thought of them as excited also, as busy about her affairs, for Miss de Berenger had assured her that the little cottage should be swept down for her, and that she should find a comfortable supper ready there for herself and her little charge.

There was a certain amount of bustle, and some excitement also, that day at the parsonage; not in the minds of Felix or his brother, for they were gone out for the day; and not concerning Mrs. Snaith. If she could have known what it was that effaced her from their thoughts, it would have helped her, as such things always do, to realize how small the place was that she filled in creation.

It is hard, sometimes, when one had thought that one's self and one's affairs were filling the minds of others, to find that one has been utterly forgotten; but it is positively humbling to discover, as is sometimes our lot, what a small, what an utterly worthless thing it was that blotted us out.

However, in this case, it cannot be said to have been a small thing — quite the contrary. It was a very large thing; there was the oddness of the matter. And how so large a thing could possibly be lost, missing, or mislaid, in such a scantily furnished house, was the whole mystery. The thing, in short, for sake of which Mrs. Snaith passed out of mind, was a clothes-basket.

Jolliffe, the servant, had looked all over for it, and was out of breath. A girl who had been blamed, and had wept in consequence, was now helping the others to express the common astonishment, and counting off on her fingers, as Jolliffe enumerated them, all the places, likely and unlikely, that had been looked into in vain.

A large bundle of clothes, ready tied up to be put into this basket, was lying in the mean time on the clean kitchen floor, and the washerwoman sat in judgment upon it, deciding that it was too heavy to be carried as it was, even with the help of her

little boy, who, with his legs hanging down, sat regarding it with a sheepish and shame-faced air, as one so used to be accused, when any sort of mischief had been perpetrated, that he was expecting every moment to hear the loss of the basket confidently laid at his door.

Just then a youth, who had been hired to weed, came clattering across the paved yard in his hobnailed boots.

"I forgot the loft," said Jolliffe; and she put her head out at the casement window. "Andrew, you go and look in the loft over the stable if the big clothes-basket is there."

"I know it can't be there, mem," answered the boy.

"I didn't ask you what you knew," said Mrs. Jolliffe, with the dignity of full conviction. "If it's not in a likely place, it stands to reason that it must be in an unlikely. You go and do as I bid you."

"Yes, mem," said the boy; and he burst into a chuckling laugh, and instantly was grave again.

"That boy Andrew is the awkwardest in the parish," continued Mrs. Jolliffe; "but when I say the basket couldn't have gone without hands, I don't mean but what his hands are clean, in a manner of speaking."

"It ain't there," said Andrew, returning, and chuckling again. Whereupon he was reproved by all parties for things in general, including his having been frequently seen to laugh even at his work, as if nothing was of any account; which, they observed, had very probably emboldened some tramp to carry off the missing article. He was then made to fetch the lightest wheelbarrow from the potato garden, and in that the clothes for the wash were solemnly wheeled away.

The soft shadows of evening were coming on, and everything about the parsonage was very still, when Miss de Berenger came bustling up to the kitchen door, calling for Dick.

"I cannot find him anywhere, Jolliffe. I want him to come this minute, and see his little cousins. They have just arrived at the cottage with their nurse, and I told them they should see him."

Jolliffe had been leaning out at the dairy window, talking to a market gardener, who also kept a shop in the neighboring town, in which he sold both fruit and grocery, and with whom Felix, under Miss de Berenger's advice, had made an agreement to exchange some of his superfluous fruit for tea and other groceries. She now started forth, suddenly remembering that

she had not seen Dick for a long time, the gardener following.

"Wherever can the dear child be!" she exclaimed. "I should have looked after him before, if I hadn't had those lettuces on my mind. They've all come to their hearts at once; the dairy floor is all over green things that master cut for fear their heads should spread."

"That comes of the vegetable ladies," observed the gardener. "I'm sure I don't grudge anything its growth, — not but what I shall lose by all those apricots being ripe together."

"Wherever can the dear child be?" repeated Jolliffe. "Master Dick!" she shouted, "where are you? Come, it's supper time, and your aunt wants you, lovey."

A childish whoop answered, and was echoed from the old church tower, which was close to the garden.

"I can't tell where he is," she observed; "the sound seemed to come from all round." Then she turned to the east, and exclaimed, "Why, goodness! — why, good gracious me, if ever I saw anything so strange in my life, Mr. Bolton! There's ever so many stars shining in the chestnut-tree."

Mr. Bolton looked. There stood the great horse-chestnut tree, in all the splendor of its rich, deep foliage, and there certainly was a light shining between the leaves. Not the moon, for she hung a yellow crescent, that yielded no light at all; not Venus, for she, of all stars, was the only one out; but a warm orange, steady light that illuminated the whole centre of the tree, and shone through the leaves as well as between them.

The soft veil of the gloaming came on, and made this light every moment brighter; while such a silence seemed to gather and rise from under the trees, that Jolliffe and her companion, as they slowly and cautiously approached, did not care to speak. Then the woman hung back, the light looked so strange; and the man went under, looked up, and came back with a smile.

"I'll give you two guesses regarding what's up in that tree!" he exclaimed.

"Can't I see that it's a light?" cried Mrs. Jolliffe, with much impatience. "I don't see, though you have bought the fruit off the very walls, that I've any call to pick out answers for your riddles in master's own garden, at this time o' night."

"Of course it's a light," replied Mr. Bolton, "but what's the light *in*? Well, if you don't like to come any nigher, in

regard of it's being so close to the old churchyard, I'll tell you. It's in the old clothes-basket."

Jolliffe's surprise made her good-tempered. Again she came under the tree, and looked up. "This must be one of the dear child's antics," she observed; "but however in the world did he get it up there? Must be fifteen feet high. What a horrid dangerous trick!"

"I don't see that," answered Mr. Bolton. "He can climb like a cat. What he's done is this: he's drawn it up, do you see, by that long dangle of clothes-line to the fork where those three branches spread out, and there, as he stood above, he's managed to land it pretty steady, and he's tied it with the rope in and out among the boughs, and then he's fetched the stable lantern."

"And that boy Andrew helped him, I'll be bound!" exclaimed Mrs. Jolliffe. "I shouldn't wonder if he's in it now. Master Dicky dear, you'll speak to your own Jolly, won't you?"

A good deal of creaking was now heard in the wicker-work of the basket, but there was no answer.

"Oh, well, Mr. Bolton," remarked Mrs. Jolliffe, in a high-raised voice, "it's a clear case that he ain't here; I'd better go in and tell his brother that he's *lost*."

A good deal more creaking, and something like a chuckle, was now heard in the basket, and presently over the edge peered the face of a great owl, a favorite companion of the child's.

It was dusk now under the tree, and the creature's eyes glared in the light of the lantern. Mrs. Jolliffe, being startled, called him a beast; but he looked far more like the graven image of a cherub on a tomb, for nothing of him could be seen but his widespread wings and his face, while he looked down and appeared to think the visit of these two persons intrusive and unseasonable.

"Well, old goggle-eyes," quoth Mr. Bolton, "so you're there too, are you? If you know where your master is, which appears likely—for you're as cunning as many Christians, and full as ugly—you'd better tell him that, as sure as fate, we're going to fetch his brother out if he doesn't come down."

"Ay, that we are," added Mrs. Jolliffe. "Why, it'll be dark presently, and how is he to get down in the dark?"

The round, rosy face of little Dick was now reared up beside the face of the owl. He looked like a cherub too, but with a difference.

Mr. Bolton shook his head, and said rather gruffly, "Now, what are we to think of this here behavior? What with getting yourself lifted off your legs, a-ring the church bells, and what with setting yourself fast in the chimney, climbing after jackdaws' nests, and what with sailing in the washtub, and what with getting yourself mixed up with the weights of the parish clock, you're a handful to your family, I do declare, and a caution to parties about to marry."

Instead of looking at all penitent, the little urchin only said, "But you won't tell, Jolly dear — you won't really tell?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Jolliffe, stolidly, "I shall tell; so now you know. And how anybody that's only to eat lettuces and green meat generally is ever to conquer you! Of course I shall tell."

"Well, then, just throw up the cord," said the little fellow, "and I'll be down in a minute."

"I shouldn't wonder if that boy Andrew has been helping you," observed Mrs. Jolliffe. "If he has, it may be as much as his place is worth."

It was never worth more than nine-pence a day; but the discussion was just then cut short by the sound of voices. Felix and his brother came down the grass walk.

"What's all this?" said Felix; but before Mrs. Jolliffe and Mr. Bolton had explained, he had taken in the whole matter, and what was more, he evidently thought nothing of it.

Amias brought a fruit-ladder, Felix called the little fellow down from his wicker nest, and when he was upon it and conveniently near, gave him a not unfriendly slap on his chubby person. "You had better look out, you little monkey," he remarked, in a casual and general sort of way. Little Dick said he would, and Felix, mounting the ladder, looked into the basket, saw the owl and the lantern, and a quantity of mown grass; also two books of fairy tales which Dick had been reading. He brought these last down and put out the light. "The basket is a good-for-nothing old thing," he observed to Jolliffe as he descended; "the child may as well be allowed to keep it."

Mrs. Jolliffe almost held up her hands. "Is that the way to bring up a child?" was her mental answer. "Well, after this week we shall wash at home, so it does not so much signify."

Felix was not half so fond of his little brother as a parent would have been, but he was, on the whole, nearly as indulgent.

Dick, while he slowly retreated, heard permission given for him to keep the clothes-basket, but a ready instinct assured him that he would do well to retire from observation. He had other pieces of mischief on his mind beside the building of that child-nest in the tree, so he evaded his aunt when he heard her calling him, and creeping up to his little room, tumbled into bed and went to sleep as fast as possible.

He slept sweetly. So did not Mrs. Snaith, though she was much fatigued; a foreboding thought of impending questions haunted her. And as between ten and eleven o'clock the next morning she came forth from her tiny cottage to bring her little girls to the vicarage, her senses seemed to be sharpened both by the new scene and the leisure given her for remarking it.

Miss de Berenger had asked her to bring the children. As well then, she thought, as at some future time. The little creatures, exquisitely neat and clean, with sunny locks flowing under their limp white hats, walked on before her, while she, very plainly clad, came after, all in sober brown. She entered the parsonage gate, and there stood the vicar in his white gown; he had just been marrying a rustic couple at the church, and was leisurely divesting himself of this long, white garment, which was so clean, that between the two great dark fir-trees on the lawn, it seemed almost to shine.

Felix came up when he saw the children, met them just as they reached the front door, and gave a hand to each; then addressed the nurse pleasantly. But, hardly noticing her answer, he seated himself on the outside of the dining-room window and cast attentive glances at his two little guests, who, unabashed and calm, looked at him with wide-open eyes of the sweetest blue-grey, and found it interesting to notice how the clerk was folding up that long, white gown, and how a tame jackdaw had come hopping up to Felix, and was perching herself on his knee. Sometimes the children answered when Felix spoke, sometimes the nurse, but an inward trembling shook her. She had thought the shy anxieties of those few moments would soon be over; but no — far otherwise. She looked earnestly at the clergyman, at this Mr. Felix de Berenger, and she saw in his face no recognition, but a growing conviction made her more aware that she did not see him for the first time. A dark, thin man of middle height, a pleasant face — though rather an

anxious one—thin features. And the hair? Well, what of the hair? Felix took off his hat presently, for the morning was warm; then rising, he turned the other side of his head towards her, as he called up at an open window, "Dick, Dick! Come down, you little monkey. Come; I want you." Yes, there it was, visible enough—one lock narrow, and perfectly white, among the otherwise umber waves of thick dark hair.

The nurse felt for the moment as if her heart stood still, and all was up with her. The curate! It was the curate who had been kind to her in her worst adversity, who had given her a shilling in the hop-garden.

He showed no signs of recognition. How, indeed, should he know her again, or she fail to know him again? He was not altered, in the least, and had, as she instantly remembered, seen many and many a poor creature since such as she had been. But she—her lean, gaunt figure was changed by several years of peace, comfort, and good living. She was inclined, for her age, to be rather stout now. She was very neatly and becomingly dressed, for in place of that flimsy faded clothing, she wore plain dark colors, and her shining hair was disposed in two close bands down her face.

She looked well into his eyes, impelled by her very fear to seek the worst at once. He did not know her. And now a lovely little boy in a pinafore was coming up; a dimpled creature as brown as a berry—hair and eyes, and face—excepting where the clear crimson of the cheek showed through a little.

He was inclined to be very shamefaced. Amabel was not. She came up to him and gave him the usual greeting of infancy, a kiss. Then Delia slipped off Mr. de Berenger's knee, and after inspecting Dick for an instant, she also kissed him; and then the children smiled at one another all over their little faces, and, taking hands, walked off among the trees chattering.

Pretty little Dick! He was supremely happy that morning. The joy of their presence was as if two little child-angels had come to play with him. He made them welcome to all his best things; he also took them up the fruit-ladder to his nest. For more than four years after this, those beautiful nestlings spent their happiest hours in it.

But on this first climb into it they were aided by Andrew, who had originally helped Dick to tie the basket safely, and was now

very impressive with all the children. "They were on no account to go up, nor down neither, without his help; they were to promise solemnly that they never would—to promise *as sure as death*. So they did, knowing and caring about death nothing at all. But they knew they were happy—Dick especially—and he fell easily and at once under the influence of their sex, and never so long as he lived escaped from it any more.

The leaves were very thick underneath them, so that they could not be seen from below. But they could see the great shining face of the church clock, the rooks leading off their second brood, the white road winding on through the heathery common, and far beyond a little hill in old Sir Sam's park, on the slope of which does and fawns were lying half hidden by the bracken.

In the mean time Mrs. Snaith, little aware what they were about, had been introduced by Jolliffe to the clean kitchen, and there, after a good deal of polite haggling, as, "Well, ma'am, I'm sure it's a shame," and "Well, ma'am, I couldn't bear myself sitting with my hands before me," had been accommodated with an apron, and allowed to make herself useful by stringing and slicing beans. The party had been invited to an early dinner at the parsonage, and there were rabbits and parsley sauce to prepare, and there were late red currants to strip from the stalks for a fruit pudding. Aided by the circumstance that they had something to do, the ladies soon became friendly, and talked of such subjects as really interested them.

"Well, it *is* a very small cottage, ma'am; there you're right."

"And in lodgings you're saved a vast of trouble, so that if it wasn't for the dripping—"

"Ah, indeed; you may well mention that, ma'am. Why, not one in ten of those landladies is to be depended on."

Mrs. Snaith assented.

"And to sit in your parlor," she continued, "and know as well as can be that they're making their own crusts with you're dripping, and that you mayn't go down to see it, is enough to spoil the best of tempers and the least particular."

They were rather a large party at dinner, for the new governess and her young sister had arrived, and Felix, as he sat at the head of the table, had only just marshalled them, said grace, and begun to wonder how the one young servant of the establishment would wait upon them all, when Mrs. Snaith appeared, carrying in

the first dish, which she set before him and uncovered, as if she was performing some ordinary and looked-for duty.

"Mrs. Snaith!" he exclaimed.

"I should wish it, if you please, sir, whenever my young ladies is here," she replied calmly.

A very convenient wish, and she began to carry it out with a quiet and homely dignity that he much admired, every now and then giving the gentlest motherly admonition to the children, including little Dick. Felix had a certain fear of a lady; womanhood was sufficiently alarming to him without fine clothes, accomplishments, and a polished and self-possessed manner. He found himself most attracted by a good woman who was without these extraneous advantages; this homely dignity and un-ruffled humility pleased him, and commanded his respect. He let Mrs. Snaith alone, and under her auspices the dinner went on pleasantly to its conclusion.

Little Amabel and her sister won great approval by their sweet looks and pretty behavior at that dinner. They had been well taught, and could conduct themselves perfectly well at table.

Felix regarded them with attention; they were graceful, they were fair, but he saw no special likeness to old Sir Sam's family.

The children had, in fact, been helped, by their mother's intense sympathy, to the inheritance of a certain pensive wistfulness that was in their father's soul and countenance; the reflection of it was in their faces — only in their faces — and even there it appeared more as the expression of a sentiment than of a passion, that abiding passion of regret for his lameness that the bad, beautiful youth was always brooding over. When their lovely little faces were at rest, and no smiles rippled over them, their mother could often see that look, a witness to their father's sorrow and their mother's pity; it gave a strange, and to her a very touching, interest to both the children. There was an unusual contrast between the still deeps in their lucid, grave blue eyes, and the rosy lips, so dimpled and waggish, so ready to soften and smile, and show a mouthful of pearls.

"Well, Felix, well, Amias," said Miss de Berenger, when this dinner was over, and she was left alone with her two nephews, "I suppose you will both admit that I have brought a treasure into the family. Yes! How well that woman waits! What a sight the great heaps of potatoes must have been for her, and the cabbages and the buttered beans that Ann and Mary

consumed! I call to mind now your dear father asking me if I remembered a dinner we were at once, at their mother's. 'Remember it!' I exclaimed. 'Ay, thou poor ghost of a meal, while memory holds her place in an empty stomach.' I was inspired to say it, just as Shakespeare was at first, though in general I am not at all poetical. And then the tipsy cake she gave us in the evening! It was a tremendous falsehood to call it by such a name. Tipsy, indeed! How was a whole cake to get tipsy on one glass of South African wine? You need not look so wise, Amias; a degrading thing, I suppose you'll say, to make fun of even a dumb cake, when it's drunk," proceeded Miss de Berenger, after a pause. "As if there could be real fun in the inebriation of anything whatever. Yes! Why, how very ridiculous you two are! I never saw such risible fellows in my life. And you a clergyman, too, Felix! What can you be laughing at now?"

While this conversation took place in the garden, and while the children played together, and the vegetarians, walking between thick hedges of peas and beans, and ridges of new potatoes, felt that they had come into a land of fatness and plenty, Mrs. Snaith, helping to wash the glass in the neat kitchen, was made welcome to a good deal of information that no amount of questioning would have procured for those in a different station of life to her informers.

These were Mr. Bolton, who had just stepped up to gather some early summer jennettings, but out of delicacy forbore to take them under the eyes of Felix, and so waited till he should come in; and Mrs. Jolliffe, who in dismissing the washerwoman, after counting out the clean clothes she had brought home, took occasion, with patronizing suavity, to recommend her to the new-comer as a very honest woman, and a good hand at getting up children's clothes.

Mrs. Snaith said she would employ her, and the grateful and respectful thanks that she and Jolliffe both received opened the heart of the latter still further, so that as the little woman retreated across the yard her praises followed her.

"An honest little woman, and industrious too, Mrs. Snaith; and has lately got the laundry work of the clerks at the brewery. Still, as she said to me, 'Mrs. Jolliffe,' said she, 'there's no sweet without its bitter, and most of those gentlemen air such extra large sizes, that I feel it hard I shouldhev to do justice to their shirts, at

twopence-halfpenny apiece, when I should hev hed the same money if they'd been smaller."

"Her present husband is not to complain of for his size," observed Mr. Bolton.

"No, but that was a convenience," quoth Mrs. Jolliffe; "and, for aught I know, the convenience helped to decide her, as such things very frequently do, and no harm neither."

Mrs. Jolliffe spoke with such a meaning smile, that Mrs. Snaith testified some curiosity, whereupon she continued.

"For, as I said, a prudent little woman she was. Her first husband's Sunday coat was laid by as good as new; so she took and cut it smaller for her second to be married in, and very respectable he looked in it, and it saved money. And why not Mr. Bolton?" she inquired, with a certain sharpness of reproof in her voice.

"Why not, indeed!" answered Mr. Bolton, hastening to agree, though at first his face had assumed a slightly sarcastic expression. Then, on reflection, he veered round to his first thought. "But it don't seem a feeling thing to do, neither."

"Feeling!" quoth Mrs. Jolliffe, in the tone of one who makes a telling retort. "You and I can't talk together about feelings, and hope to agree, at all. Some folks have most feeling for that that can hold up its head and stop at home, which is my case. I don't pretend to understand them whose feeling is for that that must run away."

Here both Mrs. Jolliffe and Mr. Bolton laughed, and Mrs. Snaith was appealed to in words that confused and startled her, for they seemed to hint at her wretched husband's condition, as if the speaker knew all about it.

"When the law has got hold of a man, that man is not, therefore, to be cried down by me, and never shall be. No, nor by you neither, ma'am, as your actions make evident."

Mrs. Snaith flushed and trembled, but said nothing, and with what relief and what gratitude for it, she heard the rest of the conversation, neither of those who marked her rising color could have the least idea.

"Now, my feelings go across the water. What's old Sam to me?"

"That you should talk of him so disrespectful, almost at his own gates!"

"Why not?" replied Mr. Bolton. "Do I owe him for a single drop of his beer, either given to me or sold to me?"

"Right well you know that he'd have lost his seat if he'd given any away at the last election."

"Right well I do know it. For all that, old Sam, as I was saying, never gives a pleasant word to his neighbors. And never was a freer, friendlier man than Mr. John, and free and friendly is he treated now by me and by others. Does he find any difficulty in getting intelligence of all he wants to know? I should say not. Why, Mrs. Snaith, Mr. John has more than one correspondent here, that knows as much about him as maybe I do, and maybe you do."

"Mr. John?" exclaimed Mrs. Snaith, now breathing freely. "Oh, Mr. John de Berenger it were that you spoke of?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Bolton, looking at her with some admiration for what he considered an excellently feigned surprise.

"Mr. John de Berenger, of course. Who else?"

CHAPTER IX.

OLD Sir Sam, as people called him, otherwise Sir Samuel Simcox de Berenger, was in some respects a particularly agreeable man. He had some undesirable qualities, but from the first he had been so strangely dealt with by circumstances, by nature, and by providence, so drawn on through the natural openings made by other men's mistakes, that if he had been any better, he would have been a hero; and that he certainly was not.

Most people thought he was a great deal richer than he ought to have been, and yet he had never taken a shilling but what the laws of his country accorded to him.

His own father, having two sons, had taken him, the elder, into partnership, and given him a share in his great brewery business. The younger had gone into the army, obtaining the father's consent, though it was very reluctantly given.

This second son had married very young, and left three children, one of whom was the father of Felix, and another his aunt, Sarah de Berenger. To her the old grandfather had given a handsome fortune during his lifetime — had, in short, settled upon her a small estate, which had come into the family by the female side, so that she was much better off than her two brothers; for when, after his younger son's death, the old man also died, it was found that, owing to some fatal informality in the will, the representatives of the younger branch could not possess themselves of that interest in his business and his property which he had always expressed himself as intending to leave them.

Sir Samuel, without a lawsuit, was evidently master of all. He took immense pains to get the best legal opinions, and confidently expected that his two nephews would try the case. Being a pugnacious man, he looked forward to a fair fight, not without a certain amount of pleasure and excitement.

Perhaps the two nephews took counsel's opinion also; but however that might be, they never gave him a chance of fighting. Instead of going to law they took themselves off, left him to swallow up all, and maintained themselves independently of him and his business.

There is little doubt that he would have been, to a great extent, the conqueror, if there had been a suit. In such a case, he would have held his head high, and also have done something for his late brother's family; but when he found that he was left master of the situation without a suit, and also without a reconciliation, he felt it. To win in open fight is never so necessary to the comfort and pride of the winner, if he is right, as if he is wrong.

While Sir Samuel was considering that, though these nephews could make good no claim at law, yet they ought to have *something*, one of them chanced to die without a will, and he chose to consider himself the young man's heir-at-law. That is to say, he reflected that the dead nephew, having been the elder of the two, ought to have had, if he had lived, a double share; he would certainly have given him a double share. So he divided off that portion of his possessions as having been destined for his nephew, and he always called it "what I came in for, in consequence of poor Tom's premature death." Thus that claim settled itself.

The other nephew, the father of Felix, never quarrelled with him, but rather seemed to set him at nought. Yet he felt that he must do his duty by him. To that end, he informed him that he should take his second son, then an infant, into the business; which in due time he did, with what results has already been explained.

He never had any thanks from the father of the baby, who went to India before the future brewer could run alone; but he occasionally called the child "Small-beer," by which he made it evident that Sir Samuel had leave to carry out his noble intention if he pleased. Sir Samuel felt that too; for though he retained all the material advantage that had come of the unlucky will, he none the less fretted under a sense of the contempt that he knew his nephew held him in, and was always par-

ticularly cautious what he said, lest he should provoke an answer.

So he lived in the exercise of a certain self-control, feeling it, in general, politic to be bland and obliging to his nephew; and this, to a man of his choleric nature, was galling. At the same time, he took all opportunities of being affectionate and useful to his niece Sarah, who, being herself very well off, felt her brother's poverty the less keenly, and was often inclined to identify herself with the rich side of the family, as finding riches a great thing to have in common. Sarah lost both her brothers in their comparative youth. As for Felix, her nephew, his was a grievance once removed—an old story. His great-uncle, for a time, had been very kind to Amias—had, in fact, shown a decided affection for him; it was as well now to let the old great-grandfather's will be forgotten.

Felix was helped in his wish to let it pass into the background, by his liking for old Sir Samuel's sons, the youngest of whom was only one year his own senior; for Sir Samuel had married somewhat late in life, so that his sons and his great-nephews were contemporaries.

And now two little girls had appeared upon the scene, to Sir Samuel's great surprise and very natural annoyance. His great-nephew had been the cause of their coming; and Miss de Berenger had told him pointedly that they were his grandchildren.

He was secretly enraged with Felix—would like to have had an encounter with him about it; the more so as he felt inclined to believe it was so.

No one knew so well as himself how utterly in the wrong his favorite son had always been in his quarrels with him. In fact, his affection for the scapegrace had enabled him to endure a vast deal that any father would have found hard, and in hope of winning, and then retaining him, to be almost subservient and long-indulgent.

But the favorite had got into debt many times after being brought home and freed. Finally, the father had been obliged to send him from home on an allowance, and John had actually gambled away great part of his interest even in that.

His father knew he had somehow deeply entangled himself, but knew not all. Sometimes he got a hint from Felix, to whom, at rare intervals, John still wrote, for as boys the two had been friends. When Sir Samuel found that Felix was arranging for the education of these little De Berengers, he felt how hard it was that

his son should confide in a cousin rather than in himself, and he waited a week, in confident expectation that Felix would lay a case before him, declare that these were his grandchildren, and make some demand on him for money; he intended to dispute every inch of the ground, not give a shilling, unless the fact was fully proved, and even then beat Felix down to the lowest sum he could possibly be induced to accept. But the week came to an end, and Felix said not a word.

Everybody declared that these two little girls were the image of John. He felt a devouring anxiety to see them, for he was an affectionate old fellow. He had vowed to himself that they were none of his, and that, as John had acknowledged no marriage, it could be no duty of his to take upon him the great expense of their maintenance; but here they were at his gates, and he longed to see them.

He asked Felix whether they had asked after him.

"How should they, uncle," exclaimed Felix, "when they never heard of your existence?"

"Why—why," stuttered Sir Samuel, "don't they know anything at all about the family?"

"Evidently not. One of them can talk plainly, and she seems, so far as I can judge, to know nothing about any of us."

"I would have done well by them, John," muttered the old man, as he drove home with an aching heart; "but you never had any bowels towards your old father. Why, look here; he flings his children at me, without so much as asking me for my blessing on them!"

The next day, about one o'clock, little Amabel and little Delia were seated on two high chairs at the table, in their tiny cottage, and waiting for their dinner, when an old gentleman looked in at the open door, smiled, nodded to them, and then came inside, taking off his hat and putting it on the window-sill among the flower-pots. A nice old gentleman, with white hair and white eyebrows. The little girls returned his nod and smiles, then the elder lifted up her small, high voice, and called through the open door that led to the little back kitchen, "Mrs. Naif, Mrs. Naif!" A cheery voice answered, and then the younger child tried her skill as a summons. "Mrs. Naif, dear! Make haste, Mrs. Naif! Company's come to dinner."

Mrs. Snaith presently appeared with a good-sized rice pudding, and set it on the table, which was graced with a clean cloth.

Sir Samuel greeted her when she curt-

sied. "Good morning, ma'am. You are the nurse here, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Will you be seated, and allow me just to look on awhile."

Mrs. Snaith sat down, and helped the little ones to their pudding. The elder was inclined to be slightly shy, the younger, pulling Mrs. Snaith by the sleeve, pointed at Sir Samuel with her spoon, and whispered some loving confidences in her ear.

"What does she say?" asked Sir Samuel.

The nurse smiled. "She says, sir, 'Give the company some pudding.'"

"Does she, pretty lamb?" exclaimed the old baronet, with a sudden access of fervor; then recollecting himself, and noticing that the nurse was startled, and colored slightly, he said, by way of continuing his sentence, "I didn't exactly catch your name, I think?"

"Mrs. Snaith, sir."

"Yes, her name's Mrs. Naith every day," said the little Amabel, "but when she's very good we call her Mamsey."

"Her name's Mamsey when she gives us strawberries and milk," the other child explained. "But she hasn't got a black face, company," she continued, addressing him earnestly, as if it behoved him to testify to the truth of her words.

"A black face!" exclaimed the puzzled guest.

Mrs. Snaith explained. "There were some American children with a black nurse, sir, at the seaside where we've been. They called her Mamsey, and so these little dears imitated them."

By this time it was evident that the nurse was ill at ease; she perceived the deep interest with which her unbidden guest watched the children's words and ways. Her pride as a mother was not deceived with any thought that this was a tribute to their beauty or infantile sweetness; she knew this must be the rich man, the great man of the place, who was held in that peculiar respect which merit and benevolence can never command. People say of Eastern nations, that those who would hold sway over them must needs make themselves feared, and they do not enough consider that this is almost as true at their own doors as it is at the ends of the earth. When the villagers had nodded and whispered in her presence, mysteriously hinting that anybody at a glance could see who these children were, though she would not answer any questions, she had inwardly felt that the great and proud

man whom they had in their thoughts would know better, that he would write to his son, who would at once reply that he knew nothing about these children, and there would be an end.

But here sat Sir Samuel, gazing at Amabel and Delia with a scrutiny sometimes keen, sometimes almost tender. He was making them prattle; he was at last actually drawing his wooden chair to the table, and, at their desire, partaking of the new potatoes which concluded their meal.

He took so little notice of her that she had no need to speak; and that homely dignity which was natural to her coming to her aid, she rose and began to wait on the children and their guest, moving in and out between the little front room where they were dining and the tiny kitchen behind; marking all the old man's efforts to please the small coquettes, and how easily they were won, and how engaging they were; and how noisy the canary was, bustling about in his cage, and singing every time they laughed, as if he longed for some attention too; how the pale, overblown roses outside let their dropping leaves float in and drift over the table-cloth.

For the first time in her life, as she stood in the back kitchen, with hands pressed in one another, listening, she felt a jealous pang, not of her darlings themselves, but of the refined grace and delicate beauty which had so played into her hands as to make the part she had chosen for herself easy.

It was easy to play the part of their nurse — she had elected to play it — and yet her mother's heart resented its being always taken for granted that she could be nothing more.

"I fare almost afraid they'll despise me when they get a bit older," she thought. "If they do, dear lambs, I must take them away from these gentlefolks before it's too late."

Sir Samuel calling her, she came in and found Amabel on his knee. The brown face of little Dick was seen; he was leaning in at the casement, and Delia, leaning out, was kissing him.

Beautiful little Dick was as happy about that time as anything that breathes can be. When they saw him Sir Samuel lost the attention of the other children.

They must have their sun-bonnets on. Mansey must reach them down.

"Did they love him? Would they like to see him again?"

Oh, yes, they liked him, they liked him very much, but they wanted to go now with Dick; and presently they all three set

forth together down the quiet road to the vicarage, leaving Sir Samuel and Mrs. Snaith alone.

He was sitting in the Windsor chair, lost in thought, and looking after the children as well as the clustering rose-branches would let him.

She stood a moment expecting him to speak, but he did not; and, unable to bear inaction, she fetched in a tray, and when he looked round, she was quietly clearing the table, placing the remains of the simple dinner upon it.

He got up and she paused.

"You have behaved with great discretion," he said with energy; "and the reticence which I hear you have displayed — the refusing, I mean, to answer people's idle questions — has my entire approval, — I may say, commands my respect."

Mrs. Snaith was silent.

"I am quite aware," he continued, "of all that passed between you and Miss de Berenger. I do not see that even she had a right to expect a full account of matters from you; but — but" — here he paused, baffled by the nurse's grave silence — "but the excellent care with which you fulfil your trust deserves my thanks, and, as I said before, your refusal to answer idle questions commands my respect."

"Thank you, sir. It is my wish to keep quiet, and I don't fare to think I have any call to answer questions."

"But if I asked you some," he answered, a little startled, "of course it would be different."

"I beg your pardon. Not at all different, sir."

"I am Sir Samuel de Berenger, Mr. John de Berenger's father. Now what do you say?"

"Nothing, Sir Samuel."

"Nothing! You're ordered to keep silence, even to me?"

"Sir, I never said I were under orders. I am not."

"Nonsense."

"And I ask your pardon, sir; but if you know all I said to Miss de Berenger, you know all I ever shall say."

"Why, you foolish woman, you are enough to provoke a saint! You quite mistake your employer's meaning. What are you afraid of? What do you mean? Do you think you are to deny to *me* whose and what these children are? It's contrary to all reason — contrary to my son's obvious meaning; clean against their interest. Why, it's — I never met with such folly in my life!"

Here Sir Samuel launched into certain

violent denunciations against folly in general, and this fool in particular ; but as she did not further enrage him by making any reply, but helplessly gazed at him while he stormed at her, on the other side of the table, he soon managed to calm himself sufficiently to recur to the matter in hand.

" And whatever may be your motive, I tell you, there's no more use than there is reason in your present line of conduct. It's no use your denying to *me* that these are my grandchildren, I can see it in their faces. It's no use your denying to *me* that they were thrown in my niece's way on purpose that I might hear of them. No, don't speak, woman — it's my turn to speak now. I tell you all that stuff is of no use ; I am not to be deceived."

In the energy of his indignation he leaned over the table and shook his fist at her, and reddened to the roots of his snowy hair ; while she, pale and doubtful, continued to find safety only in silence. Every moment of thought seemed to be something won ; but she won many, and he had checked himself, and sat down again in his Windsor chair, and was fuming there in more quiet fashion, while, still standing with her hand upon the tray, she was searching for some reply.

At last he said with a sigh, as if something in his own mind had checked him as much as her behavior, " Perhaps the poor lambs were not born in wedlock."

" Oh, yes, they were," she answered, sharply and decidedly ; " that's a question I'd answer to anybody, let him be who he would."

" You can prove your words ? "

" I could, if there was any need, Sir Samuel."

" Makes nothing of me — cares nothing what I think. But you never did, John. If there was any need ! "

" You have a son, sir, by what I can make out," said the nurse, finishing her sentence with a certain emphasis.

" Oh yes — a son ; his conduct looks like a son. You know well enough that I have a son. What of him ? "

" If you'll give me leave to advise you, sir — "

" Well ? "

" Well, sir, though I don't know the gentleman, I fare to think that if you wrote to him he would answer like a gentleman, and tell you — "

" Tell me what ? "

" What would get the mistake out of your head, sir ? "

" I don't know where to find him."

" Indeed, sir," she answered slowly ;

" then worse luck for me ! And yet," she continued, as if in deep cogitation, " there are those not very far off that do know."

Sir Samuel did not at all doubt her word, but he answered with the surprise he really felt at her making such an admission.

" You don't say so ! "

" Yes, sir, I do."

" If I write a letter to my son and bring it to you, will you promise to direct it to him ? " exclaimed the old baronet.

He regarded this admission as tantamount to a confession of all, and she, considering, on the contrary, that the letter would be so answered as to put an end to all, gave her consent.

" I'm not that certain about it, sir, that I can promise, but I will do my best."

He sat a few minutes longer, thinking and calming himself, then rose and put on his gloves, looking at her, meanwhile, almost with a smile in his eyes. " You are a remarkably inconsistent woman," he observed, but not at all rudely.

" Sir ! "

" I said, Mrs. Snaith — But, pooh ! what is the good of arguing ? Do you want any money ? " he added sharply, and at the same time pulling out his purse.

" No, sir," she answered, coloring and drawing back.

" Well, if you should, you'll know whom to come to ; and I'll send you down the letter to-morrow. Good morning."

" Good morning, Sir Samuel," said Mrs. Snaith. And even to those simple words she seemed to impart an air of thoughtfulness and caution.

He went away without the shadow of a doubt in his mind that these little girls were his grandchildren ; and he did not consider, what was not the less perfectly certain, that if their nurse had made a claim on him, and come to the village demanding that he should acknowledge and assist them, he would have required ample proof of their rights in him, and perhaps not have been at all cordial to them at first, though this had been forthcoming.

As to the likeness. His son was a small, fair man. Absence and love had done a good work for his face in his father's recollection. These small, fair creatures were like what he had been in complexion as a child, but their dimpled features and dark eyelashes were far different. Yet Sir Samuel, reflecting on their sweet little faces, absolutely felt, not only that they recalled his son's childhood, but that he had almost forgotten, till he saw them, what a pretty and engaging little fellow his son had been as a child.

From The Nineteenth Century.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY'S NOVELS.

TOWARDS the close of the Crimean war, there appeared in the Russian magazine *Sovremennik*, several articles which attracted great attention, so vivid were the pictures drawn in them of the scenes witnessed, the life led, by the defenders of Sebastopol. From their pages might be gained a clear idea of what went on within the lines of that beleaguered city, then the centre point of all Russian hopes and fears; of the fierce excitement, and at the same time the terrible monotony of the siege, and of the effect which they produced upon the minds of the men who were straining their energies to the utmost to withstand the banded invaders of Holy Russia. In the year 1856 they were published as a separate volume, under the title of "*Voenniye Razskazai*" (or "War Sketches"), and soon made widely known the name of their author, Count Leo Tolstoy, then in his eight-and-twentieth year. The military censor, whose permission it was necessary to obtain, was by no means enthusiastic in their favor. And he was a difficult personage to persuade, for he was a very deaf old general, and, when he did not wish to hear anything, he was wont to lay aside his ear-trumpet, and thus cut himself off from the world of argument. Several passages in the description of siege-life in Sebastopol were not to his taste. For instance, in one admirable scene a group of soldiers was depicted, attempting to relieve their dulness by means of literature. Crouching in a corner at night, they had stuck a light on the end of a bayonet, and one of them read aloud to the others from a grimy little volume of *skazki*, or fairy-tales. The idea of soldiers reading such childish trash displeased the general. Here was an opportunity, he cried, of recommending to the army useful literature. Why did not the author represent the men as listening to a sound work which should point out to them the merits of military discipline and organization? However, the book was steered sagely between censorial shoals, and arrived safely in the haven of popularity. The author became famous, especially after the publication, also in 1856, of his romance "*Dyetsvo i Otrechestvo*" ("Childhood and Youth"); a most interesting record of Russian family life, rich in poetic descriptions of nature, and full of very remarkable studies of the first movements and gradual development of thought and feeling in youthful minds. As it has been

translated into English, there is no occasion to dwell upon it at length. And the same may be said of another of his romances, which has been recently translated by Mr. Schuyler, "*The Cossacks*;" a work also full of poetic coloring, and highly prized in Russia as giving an idea of the free, unconventional life led by the vigorous borderers whom it describes. To the Russian mind there is a charm which we are scarcely fitted to appreciate aright in the picture of Marianka, the young Cossack maiden, who disdains the allurements of civilized life, and prefers to worldly advantages the society of her strong, brave, but somewhat brutal, Cossack lover. Of these two books English readers can judge for themselves. But with Count Tolstoy's more recent and more ambitious novels it is difficult for them to become acquainted, for they have not been translated into any familiar tongue. In one of these, "*Voina i Mir*" ("War and Peace"), he has drawn a series of pictures of Russia, military and domestic, as it appeared during the first quarter of the present century, especially at the period when it bore up against the tremendous shock of Napoleon's invasion, and changed the course of European history. In the other, "*Anna Karenina*," he has taken as his subject society as it exists at the present day in Russian aristocratic circles, combining with his graphic descriptions of the life now led by the upper classes, a series of subtle studies of an erring woman's heart. Neither of these works seems likely to be translated into English. Among other deterrent causes may be mentioned their length. "*War and Peace*," for instance, contains more than eighteen hundred large pages! It may, therefore, be worth while to attempt a summary of their stories, or at least of that of the earlier and the more generally interesting of the two. That they have many merits may be considered as proved by the unanimous and enthusiastic consent of Russian readers in their favor. But it is as impossible to do justice to a romance by giving an outline of its story, as it would be to convey a just idea of a bird of paradise by exhibiting its skeleton. Still, in default of a stuffed specimen, to which a translation of a work of fiction may generally be compared, a skeleton may do good service when intelligently surveyed. But of many of the chief merits of Count Tolstoy's striking pictures of war and peace no just opinion can possibly be conveyed; it would be a hopeless task to attempt to do more than to call attention to them. Out of a great mass of small de-

tails he carefully composes an admirable picture. Once begin to suppress details, and the picture gradually fades away. We may take as instances the lifelike scene of an artillery contest early in the book, in which the busy young officer, Tushin, and the gunners who obey his orders, are brought before the reader's eye with wonderful force and clearness; and the descriptions of Moscow, teeming with life and energy when the invasion began, deserted and as though dead when the invaders looked down upon it from the Sparrow Hills, and Napoleon vainly waited for deputations of "Boyars." Still more impossible is it to give an idea of the keen insight shown by the author in his slight but true analyses of peasant and soldier character, or in his fuller delineations of the changes wrought by time and fortune in the minds of the principal actors on his stage.

Whether he will produce any other really great work seems to be uncertain; for, like most Russians, except those who sway the diplomacy and other foreign relations of the empire, he is apt to change his plans freely. At one time he devoted himself to primary education, produced reading and writing books, and took under his personal protection the instruction of the young rustics in the neighborhood of his estate of Yasnaya Polyana, in the government of Tula. His opinion that children should be taught what they liked, when they liked, and that education should be made attractive instead of repulsive, was at first hailed with enthusiasm; but whether it was that the young barbarians at play were too demonstrative, or that their parents thought that they did not pay sufficient attention to work, or merely that the young master tired of his employment, from some reason or other—or perhaps from no reason at all, as often occurs in Russia—the new educational experiment came to an end.

Novel-writing was at least found more productive of practical result than pedagogical philanthropy. "Anna Karenina," which only recently appeared in a complete form, after a long periodical appearance in the *Russky Vestsik*, is said to have brought to its author more money than any other Russian work ever produced; and a large pecuniary harvest was produced by "War and Peace," which was published in 1868.

Pierre Bezukhof, the most interesting, though not at first sight the most attrac-

tive, of the three heroes of "War and Peace," was in many respects a typical Russian. Good-humored, soft-hearted, well-meaning, emotional, indolent, and all but destitute of moral backbone, he was everything by turns, and nothing long, except in so far as that he always remained true to the natural kindness of his disposition. Among other weak points in the Russian character seems to be an incapacity to recognize the advantage of telling the truth, the necessity of keeping a plighted word. The tendency to color or distort statements is closely connected in many instances with the fervid imagination of a poetic temperament, or the desire to please of an amiable disposition; the fracture of a promise is more often due to a childlike forgetfulness than to any deliberate intention to play false. In the very outset of the present story Pierre is described as giving his word of honor not to go to a party to which he had been invited by the dissipated young prince Anatole Kuragine. But no sooner does he find himself alone than a desire to go to it arises within his mind.

And there immediately came into his head the thought that his plighted word was of no consequence, because before he gave it he had also given his word to Anatole to go to him; and he ended by thinking that all these plighted words were mere conventional ideas, not having the least definite meaning, especially when a man considers that on the morrow he may either die or else meet with something or other so extraordinary that honor and dishonor will no longer exist for him.

So off he drove to his friend's house. On arriving there he found that an officer named Dolokhof, a man renowned as a hard drinker, a gambler, and a duellist, had made a bet with an English traveller that he would drink off a bottle of rum at a single draught, sitting on the sill of a window, which looked down from a great height upon the street, with his legs hanging outside, and without holding on to anything but the bottle with his hands. Pierre, after having drunk freely looked on in silence while the feat was accomplished. Poised on the sill, Dolokhof placed the bottle to his lips. Slowly it tilted upwards. After a time a shudder ran through his whole body. One of his hands rose as if about to seize hold of the window frame. Then a pause, and the bottle was empty and Dolokhof standing safely in the room. Pierre rushed forward, called for a fresh bottle, and was eager to perform the feat himself. With difficulty did his friends induce him to

give up the idea, and join instead in the less hazardous amusement of tying together a tame bear and a policeman, and ducking them in the river; a freak for which Pierre was sent away from St. Petersburg, and Dolokhof was reduced to the ranks.

Pierre's next folly was to get married. Helena Kuragine was beautiful exceedingly, with the loveliest shoulders ever seen; but her father had tried to cheat Pierre out of his rich inheritance, her brothers, though good boon-companions, were certain to prove objectionable relatives, and about her own character scandals had been whispered in Pierre's ears. He came to the wise conclusion that she would be a most unsuitable wife, and that he had better seek safety in flight. But then he glanced at her beautiful shoulders, and remained. At length her father said to himself: "This must come to an end: I am a parent;" and arranged that after a party on the occasion of Helena's birthday, she and Pierre should be left alone together in a small boudoir, the other guests having taken leave. After a while he sent his wife to see how the courtship was progressing. She reported that all was just as usual, that is to say, Pierre was admiring Helena through his spectacles (for he was short-sighted), but not proposing. The father frowned, threw back his head, and with decided steps strode into the boudoir. On arriving there, his face assumed such an unusually majestic appearance that Pierre was frightened, and timidly stood up.

"Glory be to God!" cried the prince. "My wife has told me everything." He threw one arm round Pierre, the other round his daughter. "My friend—Helena! I am very, very glad." His voice shook. "I loved your father. And she will make a good wife. God bless you both!" He again embraced his daughter and then Pierre, and kissed him. Actual tears bedewed his cheeks. "Princess! come here!" he cried. Helena's mother came, and she cried too. Pierre was kissed, and he kissed repeatedly the hand of the beautiful Helena. After a while he and she were again left alone. "All this was to be," thought Pierre, "and could not possibly be otherwise. So there's no use in asking if it is good or bad." . . . "Helena!" said he aloud, and stopped short. "There's some proper thing to say in such cases," he thought; but he could not anyhow remember what was the proper thing to say. He looked into her face. She came closer to him. Her cheeks flushed. "Ah!" she said, "take off these—these things;" pointing to his spectacles.

His marriage proved a failure, though

Pierre did not for some time acknowledge the fact even to himself. But at length he found that Dolokhof, whose courage in the field had in the meanwhile obtained his pardon, was always haunting his house and paying attention to his wife. Grave rumors as to her conduct reached his ears. An anonymous letter contained definite charges. Bitter thoughts rose within Pierre's heart, stirring up hatred towards Dolokhof, with whom at last he took an opportunity of quarrelling at a banquet. A duel followed. On a foggy morning Pierre and Dolokhof met in a forest near Moscow. The combatants were to approach a barrier and fire when they pleased. Pierre, who was no shot, fired first, and when he saw his enemy fall was horrified, and rushed forward to see if he was hurt. But Dolokhof sternly ordered him back to the barrier, and then, painfully sitting up, and having cooled his hot lips with snow, fired. "Missed!" he exclaimed, as the bullet flew past harmlessly, and then fell back fainting on the snow, to be conveyed with difficulty to the home of his devoted mother, whose opinion was that her son was "too noble and pure-hearted for this evil world of ours." The duel was followed by an explanation between Helena and her justly irritated husband. With a certain quiet majesty she came into his study robed in white, the plaits of her splendid hair twice coiled like a diadem around her beautifully shaped head, her features calm, but a line of anger marking her marble brow. Accustomed to rule, she was prepared to reprimand him into his usual submission. For his intellect was duller than hers. He was by no means her equal in a conflict of wits; but physically of great strength, and the inheritor from his father of a vast store of latent wrath, he was not a spouse to be driven too far by a sharp-tongued wife, and this is how the interview ended.

"We had better separate," he said in a broken voice.

"Separate, if you like; but only if you assign me a competence," said Helena. "Separate! What have they been scaring him about?"

Pierre leaped from his couch, and rushed towards her, trembling with rage. "I will kill you," he cried; and, tearing from a table a marble slab, made a step towards her and threatened her with it. Over Helena's face came a look of fear. She screamed, and darted on one side. His father's nature had declared itself in him. Pierre became conscious of the seductive charm of mad rage. He flung down the slab and broke it in pieces. Then with wide open arms approaching her, he cried "Begone!" with so terrible a voice that the

cry was heard over the whole frightened house. God only knows what Pierre would have done at that moment, if Helena had not fled from the room.

Having separated from his wife, for whose considerable expenses he made ample provision, Pierre set out for St. Petersburg. On the way he had to spend a night at the Torjok post-house, where he met a stranger, with whom he entered into a long conversation. His new acquaintance was soon made acquainted with all his troubles, especially the fact that he found himself drifting as it were on a stormy sea, without compass, cable, or guiding star. The stranger urged him to devote himself to the cause of virtue and religion, and, in order to do so, to become like himself—a freemason. And as the unaccustomed words fell upon his ears, Pierre seemed to see the dark sky grow clear, and the raging waves to be stilled, and in upon his feverish heart stole a rapturous calm. Soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg he applied for admission among the freemasons, not yet a forbidden body in Russia; and as soon as he had become one of their number, he set out for his estates in the south, in order that he might there carry out the teaching of the society. Hitherto he had been constantly troubled with inward questionings as to the end and aim of life in general and of his own life in particular, and whenever he had tried to read the problems of existence by means of light from on high, doubt threw over the whole its dark shade, and the secret remained unsolved and insatiable. But now not a trace of doubt or depression remained on his mind. The past and its errors lay behind him. He could look forward to a happy and virtuous future, in which he would devote himself to promoting the welfare of his brethren on earth. His first care, on reaching his home in the country near Kief, was to call together his stewards and bailiffs and acquaint them with his new plans of reform. His serfs, he told them, were to be emancipated as soon as possible, and meanwhile their lot was to be ameliorated, corporal punishments were to be abolished, compulsory labor was to be lightened, women who had babes at the breast were not to be called upon to work in the fields, and schools were to be built for the children and hospitals for the sick. His stewards of course promised obedience, but they all wondered greatly at his strange talk. Some thought he was discontented with them, and were frightened; others secretly chuckled over his remarks. The cleverest

among them listened with attention, but considered one thing only—how to carry out their own private ends under the pretence of executing his commands. The winter went by, but in spite of all Pierre's wishes the work of emancipation could not, for pecuniary reasons put forward by the chief steward, be carried out. In other respects, however, his commands were apparently obeyed, and he was tolerably well satisfied. Only his former habits began to resume their ancient sway. Dinners, balls, breakfasts, and other festivities once more occupied his thoughts for days and even weeks together. He felt with compunction that neither virtue nor death were topics as delightful to dwell upon as they ought to be to a conscientious mason. He could only console himself by thinking that he truly loved his neighbors and spent his money freely.

In the spring of 1807 he left his country house and went back to St. Petersburg. On the way thither he made a species of progress through his estates, in order to see how his schemes were working, and what was the actual condition of the common people whom God had entrusted to him, and whose lot he so earnestly wished to improve. His agent took care that he should be satisfied. Pierre found himself in a happy frame of mind. His appetite for virtuous action appealed, he felt comfortable and at peace with the world, like one who after keen hunger has enjoyed a good dinner. The soft springtide air, the picturesqueness of the scenes through which he passed, contributed to his happiness. Everywhere, also, the peasants flocked around him to testify with smiles their gratitude for his benevolence. Here the villagers brought him bread and salt and a holy picture of Peter and Paul, and asked leave to make at their own cost an addition to the parish church as a mark of their appreciation of his kindness. There a group of women with babes at the breast thanked him in holiday attire for having freed them from field labor. At another village he was met by a procession, the priest heading it with a holy cross, surrounded by the children for whom their lord's charity had provided religious and secular education. On every estate might be seen at a little distance the walls of the hospitals and schools which had been erected at his expense. Pierre was a little confused by the greetings he received, but in his heart of hearts he was pleased. The agent had been careful to avoid anything that would have shocked his master's taste. No sumptuous enter-

tainments were offered, no unmeaning expenses incurred. Only those expressions of feeling were allowed which plainly united religion and gratitude. Pierre proceeded tranquilly on his way, little knowing that the addition to the church of SS. Peter and Paul, which he was told was to be erected in his honor by the commune, had been determined on long before by a few rich peasants, and that the rest of the villagers were in a deplorable condition; that the women who had been freed from labor in his fields were on that account much worse off than they had been before; and that the children who came out with the priest to thank him for their education were most unwillingly sent to school by their afflicted parents, or were ransomed by them at high prices from the priest's hated clutch. Nor did he know that where his agent told him that the dues had been lightened the peasants had really been called upon to pay more for that agent's benefit; that where the walls of school or hospital gleamed amid trees, too often nothing but walls existed or were likely to exist. He arrived in a happy state of mind at St. Petersburg, and wrote rapturously to his introducer to freemasonry, saying to himself the while, "How easy is it to do so much good! How little we trouble ourselves about it!" Only, to his surprise, what he had done met with no commendation from the lips of his most intimate friend, Prince Andrew Bolkonsky, when he talked the matter over with him.

Andrew Bolkonsky and his father were typical representatives of two generations among the higher Russian nobility at the beginning of the present century. The old man haughty, stern, dictatorial, maintaining in his person somewhat of the patriarchal majesty of the old Boyar. The younger fully conscious of his own aristocratic position, and ready enough to look down upon officers far superior to him in military rank, over whom "a certain unwritten law" gave him a tacitly recognized advantage; but discontented with himself, and the life he led, and even the laws of the universe in general, deeply affected by that vague longing for change, that weariness of existence, that incapacity for healthy enjoyment to which Russian natures are specially liable when purely sensual enjoyments cease to give delight. But no doubts as to himself or the little world of which he formed the all-important centre ever disturbed the dignity of the old prince's gnarled mind. And there were no limits to the terror which he inspired

among his dependants, and even in the mind of his daughter Marya, whose love for her father, although in most respects perfect, was utterly unable to cast out fear. Every morning, even when she had reached her twentieth year, he gave her lessons in algebra and geometry; and daily, before entering his study, did she timidly pause awhile in the anteroom, and utter a heartfelt prayer that the interview might pass off favorably. The life she led was in reality a dreary one, but she found in religion a consolation in which her brother did not share. His levity when she spoke of sacred things was very painful to her, but she always hoped that he would be brought round to the truth, especially after he, before going off to the wars, had accepted, and promised to wear, an *icôna* or holy picture. "Even against thy will he will have mercy on thee, and save thee, and turn thee to himself, for in him alone are truth and peace," said she with a voice trembling from emotion as she held up before him an old dark portrait of the Saviour, and besought him never to part with it. When her father was more than ordinarily morose, and her hopes of any earthly enjoyment became fainter than usual, she took herself for solace to the society of "God's people," the pilgrims who spent their lives in roaming from one Russian shrine to another. With them she could talk of higher subjects than the trivial cares or pleasures which occupied the minds of her ordinary acquaintances. Their life appeared to her to be an ideal existence; to cast aside all earthly cares, and, without any thought as to the morrow and its baser needs, to wander on foot, in coarse raiment, from spot to spot suggestive of the highest thoughts and feelings, doing harm to none, but ever praying for all, as well for those who refuse hospitality as for those who grant it freely. And gradually the wish to do likewise entered into her mind, and piece by piece she provided herself with pilgrim's attire, and looked forward to the day when she too would cut herself adrift from the cumbrous impediments of ordinary life, and go forth to seek salvation with prayer and fasting. In her reveries she often pictured herself slowly moving along the dusty road, the black handkerchief tied around her head, the coarse bast shoes on her feet, the pilgrim's staff in her hand, the wallet for provisions by her side, free from care and envy and ambition and human love, passing from one saint's resting-place to that of another, till at last the home should be reached where there would be no more

weariness or sorrow, only eternal rest and bliss. But then she would remember her father's lonely old age, and the carefully-to-be-guarded innocence of a little nephew, and she would feel that she could not yet tear herself from them. Then she would weep bitterly, fearing that she loved them better than God.

Her brother Andrew had been left a widower, after a year of married life, with one child. The early death of his young wife had added to his constitutional melancholy, and even in the midst of his military and political life he was conscious of a want of interest in the stirring events in which he took part, the exciting scenes amid which he moved. In battle he fought bravely, with a sort of desperation; but his thoughts were not as those of the other combatants. At Austerlitz he had caught from the hands of its wounded bearer a falling flag, and led forward the retreating troops. Suddenly he was struck down, and as he lay on his back, looking upwards to the sky, its calm blue depth, across which white clouds swam slowly by, seemed to strike him as a revelation, and the struggle going on around him disappeared from his mind, and nothing seemed worth living for but that eternal calm. Even when, after the fight was over, Napoleon rode along the lines, and spoke to him along with other wounded prisoners, nothing seemed to him of the least importance. Napoleon had till then been his ideal hero. Now he seemed to have shrunk from his heroic proportions into an ordinary mortal, and none of the affairs in which the emperor was engaged appeared to the captive to be worthy of consideration. His eye rested on the holy picture which his sister had hung around his neck, and which the French soldier who had at first carried it off took care to restore when he saw how courteously his chief addressed the prisoners; and he thought to himself how calm and happy he would be if he could only say with honest faith, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" This was before his wife's death. After that took place, his weariness of life and carelessness about its ends and aims became still more confirmed. Believing in nothing, caring for nothing, he longed only for the eternal rest which had seemed to be typified for him by the calm blue sky which had looked down upon him as he lay wounded at Austerlitz, and to which his thoughts afterwards constantly reverted.

Some time passed by, and Bolkonsky saw one day, for a moment, a young girl — slight, dark-haired, bright-eyed, active as a

fawn — whose image kept recurring to his fancy, and seemed to stir within him a love of life which had long lain dormant. In 1809 he went to pay a visit at the country-house of a neighbor, Count Rostof, and there recognized, in the person of his host's daughter, Natasha, the young girl whom he had admired so much at first sight. From that time life began again to seem to him worth having. Before long he was engaged to her.

The Rostofs' house was a remarkably pleasant dwelling, resonant all day long with laughter, and music, and song, and the fresh ringing voices of young girls full of life and happiness. Some kind of amusement was always going on there, and no young man ever entered within its walls without experiencing a refreshing relief from all the cares of the outer world, and a distinct tendency towards satisfaction with himself and amiability towards others. The father of the family was genial and hospitable; and his wife was affectionate and kind. Their eldest daughter, Vera, it is true, was slightly disagreeable, for she never said anything which was not perfectly true and somewhat annoying. But then she was not too often at home, being married to a native of the Baltic provinces, who was a pattern of propriety, and who was always ready to talk affably on any subject in which he and his own interests were immediately concerned. Natasha, who was scarcely out of her childhood, won all hearts at once, except that of Dolokhoff, who had long ago recovered from the wound inflicted by Pierre, and who chose to fall in love with her calmly beautiful cousin, Sonya, an orphan who was brought up in the Rostofs' house.

Two sons made up the family party: the younger as yet a mere boy; the elder, Nicholas, an officer in a hussar regiment. Nicholas Rostof was a good specimen of the young Russian military man of noble family, uncorrupted by too great wealth. Brave, gay, jovial, undisturbed by such doubts and misgivings as soured Bolkonsky's mind, he thoroughly enjoyed his life and delighted in his profession. Not but that he had his anxieties when he first found himself under fire. His regiment was ordered to bring up the rear of the Russian forces when retreating across the Danube, and was exposed to a heavy artillery fire while the bridge over which they had passed was being burnt. Never had the sky seemed to him so calm, and deep, and blue. Never had the sun shone so

brightly. The Danube flowed so quietly along; and beyond it the hills and forests bathed in the sunlight were so fair to see, and to him it would have been such happiness if he could only have been safely among them, far away from the dark death which seemed impending over him. And when the fight was over he felt convinced that he was a coward. However, this feeling soon wore off, and before long he became hardened to battle. When the emperor Alexander joined the army, young Rostof was always longing for some opportunity of showing his courage and devotion, of warding off some danger, of meeting in mortal combat some hostile champion, and overthrowing him before the imperial eyes. But no such opportunity was given him, although he distinguished himself at Austerlitz, after which he was received at home as a hero indeed. Home was very dear to him; but yet, when he left it and returned to his regiment, and his commanding officer, Colonel Denisof by name, embraced him, and all the other officers came out to greet him, "tears of joy prevented him from speaking," for he felt that to him the regiment also was a home. To the common soldiers, however, it was one of discomfort. Badly lodged, ill-fed, little cared for, they were subjected to many privations in the quarters which they then occupied in a foreign land. The want of provisions was so bitterly felt that at length Colonel Denisof organized an attack upon a convoy intended for a neighboring infantry regiment, carrying off a number of carts containing food, and merely scoffing at the unfortunate infantry officers who remonstrated with him on his conduct. To his surprise he was brought before a court-martial for thefeat, a proceeding which he took so ill that he was obliged to go into a hospital. There Rostof went to seek him, and thereby made acquaintance with a disagreeable side of martial glory. On arriving at the hospital the doctor on duty recommended him not to visit the wards, but he was determined to see his friend. An assistant led him along a dark corridor, in which the stench was so great that he had to pause for a time in order to gain strength enough to go farther. A door on the right opened, and out hobbled on crutches a gaunt, pale figure, barefooted and clad in a shirt only. Through the open door might be seen sick and wounded soldiers lying on the floor, with no beds beyond straw and cloaks. This was one of the wards for common soldiers. In spite of his attendant's remonstrances, Rostof went into it. The

patients lay in two long rows, their heads to the wall. Many were insensible, but those who were not gazed at him with wistful looks. One of them, a Cossack, who lay on the bare boards, kept beating the back of his head upon the floor, and repeating indistinctly some words. Rostof listened, and at last found out that he was trying to say "to drink — drink — drink." Calling for an attendant, he ordered him to fetch some water instantly; and then was turning away to escape from the foul atmosphere which almost choked him, when he perceived that a patient in the corner was gazing intently at him as if desiring to arrest his attention. Going up to the corner in which he lay, he found an old soldier, lean as a skeleton, one of whose legs had been amputated at the knee. Beside the old man lay a form at which Rostof glanced and shuddered. It was a corpse. "He died this morning," said the old soldier. "Surely we are men and not dogs." Rostof was glad to escape, after hearing the attendant promise that the body should be removed.

But such experiences were rare, and young Rostof's military career was usually productive of nothing but what was agreeable. All seemed to be going on well with the whole Rostof family, when suddenly a great trouble came upon them. Natasha's marriage with Prince Andrew Bolkonsky had been put off for a year, in the hope of obtaining the consent of his grim old father, whose temper was turning even sourer than it had always been, so that his daughter's life became a burden to her. One evening Natasha went to a ball at which she met the handsome young Anatole Kuragine, the brother of Pierre Bezukhof's heartless wife. He immediately, after his usual fashion, fell passionately in love with her, and told her so at once. When she went home that night she tried hard, but failed, to decide which she liked best, Bolkonsky, to whom she was engaged, or the new lover who was so splendidly handsome, and who had so hotly urged his suit. As usual the absent suffered. Day by day went by, and the fascinating Kuragine became dearer and dearer to her, till at last she consented to elope with him. In vain did her cousin Sonya remonstrate with her on her unreasonable behavior. Natasha was like a bird swept along by a storm-wind, unable to make head against it, obliged to yield to its overwhelming force. Kuragine was in reality a married man; for when he was quartered sometime before in Poland, he had so far compromised the daughter of a neighboring landed

proprietor that her father took an opportunity one day, while entertaining Kuragine in his ancestral halls, to let that fascinator know that he must either marry or die. He elected to marry, but kept his union a profound secret. And now he was about to deceive Natasha by a pretended marriage, having provided an interdicted priest at a country house not far from Moscow, and fast horses to carry her there. Natasha was ready when the appointed hour came, and with it Kuragine and Dolokhof. But Sonya had warned the stern old lady in whose house she and Natasha were at the moment staying. The plot failed. Kuragine fled, and soon afterwards Natasha learnt from Pierre Bezukhof the history of his secret marriage. The blow was too great for her to bear, and a long illness ensued. When she recovered, the recollection of her utter folly, the thought that she had lost the affection of Bolkonsky, to whom she had always been sincerely attached, almost drove her to despair. In religion alone could she find consolation. In the early mornings, before daybreak, she would rise and dress hurriedly and hasten off to matins. As she stood amid the few worshippers, and gazed upon the dusky visage of the Virgin, feebly illuminated by the burning tapers and the cold light of the dawning day, a feeling of peace long unknown to her began to still her beating heart. And when she listened to the words of the service, joining in it when she understood them, and accepting them as all the more sacred when they were unintelligible to her, but especially when she took part in prayers expressing repentance, holy balm seemed to be poured over her wounded soul. As she hurried home through streets in which she met only the earliest of workmen, a faint idea of the possibility of a new life, cleansed from the stains of her former faults, and perhaps even brightened by a stray gleam of happiness, began to dawn upon her mind. Especially on one occasion did she feel carried out of the little circle of her own troubles, and forced to sympathize with the emotions which were thrilling other hearts. It was on a Sunday in the summer of 1812, when during the service was read a prayer, just issued by the Holy Synod, for the salvation of Russia from the armies of Napoleon, who was then commencing his fatal invasion. The magnitude of the evils which were hanging over her native land seemed to dwarf her own troubles, and she prayed with fervor for Russia, for all who loved her—and she thought of her family, and especially

of her brother now in the field—for those whom she had injured, and a tender feeling for Bolkonsky, whose affection she had so ill requited, arose within her heart; for those who had injured her, and she uttered a special prayer for Anatole Kuragine. Under the influence of sorrow, her appearance had altered greatly. Her cheek was thinner and paler than it had been wont to be, and if her eyes shone now, tears instead of mirth were the cause of their brilliancy. But in the opinion of one old friend of hers she was more attractive than ever. This was Pierre Bezukhof, whose matrimonial troubles and other disappointments had rendered him more than usually sympathetic. It was he who took her part on all occasions, and who, when he spoke with her, would not allow her to give utterance to the feelings of shame and contrition which she entertained. On one occasion, when she was saying that all was over for her in life, he suddenly broke out with,—"All over! why, if I were not what I am, but the handsomest, wisest, and best man in the world, and if I were free, I would go down on my knees this very moment, and ask for your hand and love." Natasha burst into grateful tears, glanced at Pierre, and left the room. As he walked home, Pierre looked up with awe at the clear starlit sky, across which blazed the great comet of 1812, the forerunner, in popular belief, of woe to nations, if not of the approaching end of the world. It was in the early part of the year, before the invading army was set in motion, but the air was thick with rumors of war. To Pierre's eyes, however, the comet seemed to shed, not a baleful glare, but a kindly light, leading him onwards, perhaps, to the happiness from which he had so long been severed.

On the Sunday rendered memorable by the prayer composed by the synod, Pierre dined at the Rostofs' house, and brought with him the manifesto just issued by the emperor Alexander. Sonya read it aloud, and it produced a profound impression on the whole party. The old count wiped his tearful eyes, and exclaimed, "Only say the word, Sire; we will grudge nothing—I sacrifice all." Natasha flung herself into his arms with a touch of her old vivacity, and her young brother, Petya, announced his firm resolve to be nothing but a soldier. As Pierre went away that evening, he registered a vow that he would go to the house no more. For he felt that he was more in love with Natasha than a married man should be. Besides, he had other matters to attend to. He had lately been

devoting great attention to the subject of the beast of the Apocalypse, and had been much struck by the discovery that, according to the numerical alphabet he employed, the words "*L'Empereur Napoléon*" yielded the number 666, and that therefore the French invader was evidently Antichrist. But what made a still greater impression on him was the fact that his own name might, if written "*L' Russes Besuhof*," be resolved into the same number. From the moment when this great truth flashed upon his mind, he began to consider himself as linked by destiny with the French emperor, and probably intended by Providence to put an end to that potentate's existence. It was therefore with a special interest that he followed the events of the day. The emperor Alexander visited Moscow, and a vast crowd assembled in the Kremlin to receive him. Young Petya Rostof was in it, and was almost squeezed to death. But his pain yielded to rapture when the emperor came out on the balcony, visible to all. A piece of biscuit fell from the imperial hand, and was scrambled for by the populace. The emperor called for more biscuits and tossed them among the crowd, who fought for them wildly; but Petya had the almost overwhelming joy of securing one. Three days later the Kremlin saw something like a revival of the long obsolete States General. The nobles assembled in one chamber, the traders in another, to consider what sacrifices they would make for the fatherland. Into each room came the emperor and uttered a few words. The nobles voted a levy of recruits. The merchants freely opened their purses, one of their chief representatives sobbing like a child as he cried, "Take both our lives and our goods, your Majesty!" As to Pierre, he began by raising a question as to the benefit of a general arming, and ended by enthusiastically volunteering to raise a regiment. Some time passed and the invaders drew nearer. Pierre visited the Russian camp, and all that he saw impressed him profoundly. The string of carts which he met, conveying from the front wounded men, who turned towards him their pale faces, and with lack-lustre eyes gazed steadfastly at his white hat and green coat; the bands of armed peasants working with a will at making entrenchments; the religious fervor shown alike by peasants and soldiers and officers, when the sound of church music was heard, and, preceded by priests bearing banners and incense, followed by a vast crowd of all manner of men, the miraculous Smolensk picture of the Mother

of God was solemnly led along the lines, — all these things, but more especially the expression which every visage wore, the faces of a few German officers excepted, of a consciousness of the solemnity of the moment, of a determination to accept calmly whatever might happen, concurred to strengthen in Pierre's mind the desire which had for some time been agitating it, to take some part himself in the great struggle between his native land and its invaders, to achieve the task for which he was elected by the power which so ominously linked his name, through the mystic number of the beast, with Antichrist, otherwise Napoleon. And still more was his spirit stirred within him during the terrible day of Borodino, whether he rode along the line, grasping the mane of his horse with one hand, and holding his spectacles on with the other, or stood upon the mound which formed a point of incessant attack, so free from fear that the artillery-men around him treated him with the kindness which soldiers pay to the dog or goat or other animal which often attends a regiment.

Meanwhile, in another part of the field, Prince Andrew Bolkonsky's regiment was exposed for hours to the crushing fire of the enemy's artillery. He had passed a restless night, thinking involuntarily of Natasha, remembering one evening in particular when she tried to tell him how she had once lost her way in a forest, and what an effect its quiet majesty had produced upon her, and then had blushed and become confused, saying that she could not express herself properly, and he would not be able to understand her. "But I did understand her," he said to himself; and then he thought of Anatole Kuragine, whom he had been vainly seeking ever since the news of his behavior to Natasha reached him. Next day, hour after hour went by, and his regiment remained inactive, exposed to the terrible fire of an invisible foe. The men sat about on the ground, occupied with anything which could take off their attention from the position in which they were placed. Prince Andrew walked up and down, counting his steps from rank to rank, now and then watching the lines cut by the shot through the grass. "I cannot, I will not die; I love life, I love this grass, this earth, this air," he was thinking, when a storm of grape came tearing by, and he fell. When he recovered consciousness he was in the hands of the surgeons. Their task over, he sank into a reverie, and experienced a feeling of peace long unknown to him.

All the happiest moments in his life recurred to his memory, especially his far-off childhood, when his nurse used to undress him at night and put him to bed, and then croon him to sleep with plaintive song. From this he was aroused by the loud lamentation of the patient in the next bed, whose leg had just been amputated. The voice seemed familiar to him. He listened, and recognized in his fellow-sufferer his enemy, Prince Anatole Kuragin. But no longer as an enemy did he consider him. Compassion filled his heart instead of enmity. Then came a recollection of Natasha as she had been when first he saw her, and the thought filled his mind of how different his life might have been if he had felt before as he did then.

After the battle of Borodino and the events which followed, great numbers of wounded officers were brought into Moscow. Natasha, looking out of window one day, saw a file of their carts standing in front of the house, and a crowd gathered around them. Running down-stairs, she hastened to the officer in charge of them, and begged that the wounded men they contained might be brought into the house and there cared for. It was done; her father absently giving his consent, his mind being occupied by the news he had just heard, that Moscow was to be given up to the enemy, and that he and his family must leave next day. Among the wounded was Prince Andrew Bolkonsky, unconscious, and not recognized by any one in the Rostofs' house. Next day all was packed, and the family were on the point of starting for the country, when Natasha asked what was to be done with the wounded. They were to be left in the house, was the reply. Off she rushed, with all her old impetuosity, to remonstrate with her parents, or rather with her mother, for her father had from the first wished to take charge of his helpless guests. Gaining her point, out she went into the courtyard, ordered the carts to be unpacked, furniture, glass, and china to be flung on one side, and the wounded men to take their place. At last the train started, including the carriage in which travelled, still unconscious, Natasha's once affianced lover.

As the carriage in which the Rostofs sat was slowly driving through the crowded streets, they caught sight of Pierre Bezukhof, on foot, and in the dress of a laborer. Natasha instantly recognized him, looked at him with a smile which long afterwards lived in his memory, and called to him to tell her what he was doing in that costume.

But he would not tell, and the carriage passed on without its occupants obtaining any clue to his intentions. What he had resolved to do was to stay in Moscow, and to seize an opportunity of killing Napoleon the Antichrist. So he provided himself with a dagger, and bided his time. But that time never came. The French arrived, the fires broke out, and, in saving a child from a burning house, Pierre excited suspicion, and was put in prison. Thence he was taken out, only to accompany the retreating army as a prisoner. Undergoing every kind of privation, suffering from cold and hunger, he yet not only kept alive, but he scarcely felt the hardships under which his companions broke down. He even experienced, in spite of them, a mental calm, a contentment with himself, to which he had long been a stranger. Moving slowly on, along the dreary roads, from one burned and sacked village to another, scenes of human suffering perpetually around him, his own troubles seemed to dwindle away and at last to vanish. His theories about the Apocalyptic beast, his intention to kill Napoleon, his former indignation against his heartless wife, all seemed like ideas belonging to a world of dreams. The false views of life and happiness he had entertained when he was cradled in luxury changed into a truer perception of the ends and aims of human existence, now that he was exposed to physical suffering, but freed from any kind of responsibility, any necessity to make plans as to the morrow. And to this time of captivity he almost lovingly long looked back after he had been set free by an attack upon his French escort made by Denisof and Dolokhof, in which the sixteen-year-old Petya Rostof, Natasha's younger brother, as he led on the troops, full of life and joy in the fight, was shot dead.

When the Rostofs left Moscow, on the eve of the French occupation, they travelled by slow stages towards Yaroslaf on the Volga. During the course of the second day Natasha learned that Prince Andrew Bolkonsky was one of the wounded who were travelling with them. For a long time after receiving the information she sat without moving in the cottage in which they were to spend the night. It was nothing to her that the horizon was lighted up by a lurid glow, at which the rest of the party gazed with awe, knowing that it arose from some great fire in Moscow. Silent, looking vacantly before her into space, she brooded over the thought

of him whom she had driven from her, and whom she now so strangely found near her. The travellers lay down to rest; but Natasha did not sleep. She listened to the various sounds which reached her ears from without — the clamor of peasants in the neighboring pothouse, the steps of passers-by in the village street, the groaning of one of the wounded in another cottage. She heard her mother's evening prayer, and the creaking of her bed as she lay down, and at last the regular breathing which showed that she was asleep. By this time her cousin and the governess who shared her room slept also. All became still, except that a cricket chirped as if in triumph, a cock crew in the yard and was answered from far away, and the groaning of the wounded man went on unceasingly. Then at last she rose, with noiseless steps reached the door, and felt her way into the room in which she had been told that Bolkonsky lay. By the feeble light of a candle placed upon a bench she could dimly discern a form lying on a mattress in the corner. Ever since she had heard that he was near her she had been cherishing the hope of visiting him. But now that she was close to him, fear came over her, and she scarcely dared to find out for herself what change his terrible wound might have wrought in him. Still, a force she could not resist urged her on. She drew near to where he lay, and saw that his face was altered only in that it wore a softer, more youthful expression than she had ever seen on it before. She sank on her knees beside him. He smiled and stretched out his hand. From that time she spent with him every hour which the doctor would allow her to dedicate to him. Every evening she sat by his side, screening from his eyes the light of the candle, and knitting socks; for he had happened to say that old women who knit socks make the best nurses, and that there is something which soothes the patient in the sight of the nurse's knitting. He was very quiet and patient. All his old troubles and vexations had left him, he knew nothing now of his former discontent with life, or of the fear of death which he had sometimes experienced. At last all his friends and attendants came to take leave of him; and they brought with them his boy, and he kissed the child and gave him his blessing, and then lay back and quietly passed away.

During Bolkonsky's last hours his sister Marya also was with him. Her stern old father had been suddenly struck down by paralysis. For some little time he lin-

gered on, unable to speak so as to be understood; then a slight change took place, and he recovered his speech sufficiently to mention his son, and to thank his daughter. When she told him that her brother was at Smolensk, he said quietly and clearly, "Yes; Russia is lost! They have ruined her!" Then he began to sob, and tears flowed from his eyes. He tried to say something more. Marya thought he was speaking about her, or her brother, or Russia, or his approaching death, and could not understand what he said. But the old servant who lovingly waited on him interpreted his words. "Put on your white dress: I like it," he said. These were the last words Marya heard from her father's lips. Soon afterwards he tranquilly died. Scarcely had Marya recovered from the shock caused by his death, when she found herself threatened by an unexpected trouble. The peasants of the estate to which the old prince had retired, in order not to remain in the line of the advancing invaders, were a morose and stubborn set of men, among whom had spread an opinion that the old order of things was about to give place to a new, and who were inclined to take advantage of the death of the stern master they had feared, in order to set the authority of his representatives at defiance. One morning Marya received from her French governess one of the manifestoes which the invaders were circulating among the peasants. Becoming suddenly aware of her danger, she determined to fly at once, and sent for the village headman to tell him to get horses ready. He declared that none were to be had. All the fodder was gone, he said, seized for the use of the army. And so the horses had been turned loose. The peasants themselves, he added, were starving from want of grain. Marya immediately ordered the seigneurial stores to be thrown open, and their contents distributed among the starving villagers. But they were not starving at all. The story of their want was a pure invention; and the gift of corn, instead of rendering them grateful, merely added to their belief that the moment of their own strength, of their proprietor's weakness, had arrived. News was brought to Marya that they were assembling outside and wished to see her. Her servants begged her not to go out to them, but she insisted on going. "Our needs are the same, and we will share all things in common. All that I have is yours," she said, gazing at the faces of the men who stood near her. They in turn looked steadily at her,

with an expression common to all of them, but whether it was one of curiosity, devotion, gratitude, or of fear and distrust, she could not tell. No answer came from the crowd. Again she spoke to them, urging them to leave their homes, to which the enemy were drawing near, and to avail themselves of the provision she promised in her brother's name to make for them elsewhere. Still no man came forward to reply. Only voices were heard in the crowd, vaguely hinting that she had spoken cunningly, and they were to give up their homes and go into slavery, forsooth! Disappointed and sad, she went to her solitary chamber, and the house was closed. The next morning, when the carriages were packed, and the princess was ready to start, the villagers sent to say that they would not allow her to leave. Just at this time young Nicholas Rostof, with one of his comrades and a couple of soldiers, happened to visit the village on a foraging expedition, his regiment being quartered not far off; and before long he had been informed by the Princess Marya of what had taken place. The romantic nature of her position, and the appealing glances of her fine eyes, produced a profound impression upon the young hussar. The tears came into his eyes as he offered her his services. Then he left the house, and with swift steps strode up to the assembled moujiks. "Where is the headman?" he cried. "Why do you want to know?" was beginning one of the crowd who stood nearest, when Rostof's clenched fist sent his hat flying and stopped his speech. "Hats off!" cried Rostof, who had now worked himself into a rage. Then seizing by the collar the man who had answered him, he called on the soldiers to bind him. They did so instantly. The headman's turn came next; two of the crowd at once obeying Rostof's orders to them to take off their sashes and tie his hands. "Now, listen to me!" cried Rostof, turning to the moujiks. "March off home instantly, and don't let me hear a word more." "We never meant to do any harm. It was only our stupidity. It was all nonsense they were doing." Such were the utterances of the crowd, each man blaming his neighbor. The mutiny was quelled. A couple of hours later the villagers were zealously assisting in packing the carriages, their labors superintended by the headman, who, at the special request of the princess, had been freed from his bonds. A little later she was able to join her rescuer's family, and with them to watch over her brother during the last

days of his life. Sometime later, when Moscow began to rise again from its ashes, Pierre Bezukhov returned there, and there found the Princess Marya and Natasha Rostof. He was now a widower, and therefore he did not think it so necessary as before to avoid Natasha, with whom, as well as with the sister of his friend Andrew Bolkonsky, he had many things to talk about. His harsh experiences of life had changed him much. Even his appearance had altered. What was foolish and frivolous or even vicious in him appeared to have been burnt out of him by the fires of adversity, and only the nobler elements of his character to have remained. He seemed, as Natasha said to Marya, with one of the now rare smiles of old, "to have come out of a bath — morally, you know, out of a bath." She also was very different from what she had been. But gradually, with the color to her cheek, came back some of the former life and brightness to her mind. To Pierre she seemed even more charming than she had ever been.

It can scarcely be necessary to add that Pierre married Natasha, and Marya Bolkonsky became the wife, and saved by her wealth the ruined property, of the young hussar who had rescued her from the mutinous moujiks. The epilogue to the story describes the wedded life of the two young couples, and gives, in the pictures of the heroines in their happy homes, two charming portraits of perfect wives. Widely different are their characters from that of Anna Karenina, the very imperfect wife from whom Count Tolstoy's other great work takes its name. But of Anna Karenina we have no longer time to speak.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
JEROME BONGRAND'S HERESY.

A TALE ABOUT PRIESTS.

I.

IT was two o'clock on the afternoon of a Sunday in May when a rosy, little black-eyed man hitched his pony's bridle to the rail of the *Pré Communal* of Farigny in the Jura, and, throwing his coat over the railing, stretched his muscular arms as though to defy any one to pretend that he was growing a little fat. Nearly at the same moment an active, fair-haired young

man, with a shovel hat and a clerical cassock, vaulted lightly over the same rail and accosted the first comer with a joyous laugh.

"Fine weather for our match at bowls, my dear brother."

"It is," answered the other, cheerily; "and I hope you have brought good wind and limb with you, for I feel in a humor for winning."

The villagers of the two communes of Farigny and Taulon used to meet every Sunday afternoon when the weather was fine to play at bowls; and the foremost champions were the two above-mentioned speakers — the Abbé Bongrand, curé of Farigny, and Pastor Mercier, the Protestant minister of Taulon. It is not a common thing in France, or elsewhere, to see the ministers of antagonistic religions play at bowls together in public; but the amity which subsisted between these two men was the result of exceptional circumstances. Five years before an Alpine avalanche had destroyed the village of Ardret, in Switzerland, and the small population of watchmakers, who had barely escaped with their lives, took refuge in the Jura. Most of their work was done for French firms, and they had already been thinking of settling in France for convenience of communication with their employers, and to save them the heavy import duties upon their work; so they took advantage of this calamity to found a colony at Taulon. Their pastor, Jean Mercier, accompanied them, along with his wife, two children, and his sister Reine, who was ten years younger than himself.

In the ordinary course of things, the immigration of a hundred Protestant families into a Catholic district would have been productive of bickerings between the rival clergies; but it so chanced that the curé of Farigny was a sensible and blithe-tempered young man, who believed there was room for many regiments in Christ's army. The pet pupil of a bishop, renowned as much for his tolerance as for his virtues and learning, the Abbé Jérôme Bongrand had rather hailed the arrival of Pastor Mercier and his Calvinists with pleasure, as affording him an opportunity of practising those precepts of Christian brotherhood which he had imbibed from his master. Possibly he was not without hopes that he might convert some of his reverend brother's flock — for human nature is the same everywhere — but if he ever cherished such a design he must have soon abandoned it on seeing what manner of man Mercier was. A powerful preach-

er, born with that gift for oratory which cannot be acquired, Mercier held absolute dominion over the minds of his parishioners; and there was far more likelihood that he would win over some of Bongrand's sheep than that he would lose any of his own. However, he made no attempts to proselytize, and between him and the curé never arose any occasion for strife. After a short period of acquaintanceship, Bongrand respected the pastor with all his heart; and at the end of five years their feelings of mutual esteem had ripened into the warmest of friendships. You could see this by the geniality of their greetings when they met on the Sunday already named to play their match at bowls.

A balmy day it was, and the sun threw a rich light on the short grass of the village common, and on the row of white cottages with pink tiles which skirted one side of it. In front of a wine-shop, whose façade was painted vermilion and yellow, a number of benches and tables were set out, and peasants were drinking white wine there and smoking those small Swiss cigars which are so cheap in border districts where smuggling is done. On the opposite side of the common rose the church of Farigny, with its moss-grown roof and quaint belfry of open wood-work; and the graveyard lay full of old crosses of iron and wood, rusted, and made rotten by the rains of time. Here, outside the picturesque lych-gate surmounted with a statuette of the virgin, which was kept decked with flowers all through this month of May, sat a number of the village girls, giggling as they watched the game, and were being made love to by swains who preferred female company to that of the bottle and tobacco. A plump, bright-eyed bevy they were, who wore tall white caps, velvet bodices and kirtles, red or blue, and who joked aloud with hale voices, like girls accustomed to be a good deal in the open air, for while the men of Farigny and Taulon made watches the women busied themselves in field and dairy. But presently a hush fell on these damsels. "Here is Mademoiselle Reine Mercier," said one; and they all rose from their benches to wish good-day respectfully to the pastor's sister.

Reine Mercier was a pretty girl of twenty-two, with a sweet face somewhat grave, and a gait rather staid for one so young. Her large brown eyes were pervaded by a softness akin to melancholy, and her voice was very touching in its gentleness. She was much beloved in the two parishes for the good which she did, and was as useful

to her brother as a zealous curate. Coming on to the bowling-round with the pastor's two children, a little boy and a mite of a girl, who clung to her white muslin dress, one on each side, Reine Mercier smiled an amiable greeting to the village girls, and approached the spot where her brother and the curé were standing. Both men were hot and absorbed, and held wooden bowls in their hands which they prepared to trundle at the "jack." As soon, however, as the Abbé Bongrand saw Reine, his features brightened, and the "jack" seemed to lapse into a secondary place in his musings.

"How is the game going on?" asked Reine, with apparent interest in the score.

"Seven all, mademoiselle," laughed the curé; "but your brother is warming to the work, and looks as if he meant to win."

I was just going to say the same of him," exclaimed Jean Mercier; but uttering this he delivered his ball with such precision that, slackening speed just at the right spot, it rolled slowly up to the "jack," just kissed it, and lay snug beside it.

"There! I cannot beat that," exclaimed the Abbé Bongrand, watching the feat with admiration.

"Come, Monsieur le Curé, it's your turn!" cried several lookers-on, among them M. Mongros, the village blacksmith and mayor, a burly bachelor who was believed to be courting Mademoiselle Reine. At this summons the priest ran to take his stand at the pitching-line.

It was not a very clerical figure that he presented as he held up the big wooden ball to the level of his eye and swung his arm like a pendulum. He had removed his shovel hat and cassock, and stood in his shirt-sleeves, wearing also velvet breeches, black-thread stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. His light curly hair was brushed back off his smooth-shaven face, which was fresh as a boy's; but his head, when he bent it, revealed the priestly tonsure, emblem of the crown of thorns, which Rome's ministers bind themselves to wear through life. When he had shot his ball with a hand that was not quite so steady as it had been five minutes before, Jérôme Bongrand turned round with a smile and caught Reine Mercier's eye. She was seated on a chair which the polite blacksmith had brought for her, and this ponderous person was bending over her and making jokes to amuse her. An almost imperceptible shade passed over the young priest's face, and he became fidgety until somebody called M. Mongros

away on a piece of municipal business, and Reine remained alone with the children. Then somehow Bongrand began to play better.

The score had gone creeping up point by point. The "jack" had been on high ground, low ground, and level ground. The Abbé Bongrand was noted for his skill in giving a ball "legs" to roll up an incline for a finish; while the strong point of Pastor Mercier was the backward screw, which pulled up a ball short, even when going down a slope. So each man carefully chose his pitch according to his play. Those feeble folk, who require that their grass shall be level as ice, can hardly imagine the fun of coasting the side of a gentle slope with a ball kept straight by the bias, or of taking a bold figure of C by making ground and bias work together. Let a ground be well rolled and watered, but not ploughed, harrowed, and flooded before sowing.

Who was going to win? The villagers of Farigny backed up each their champion with applause and shouts. Both were skilled players, and both knew the ground. At the melting of the snow they sprinkled earth in any hollow that was visible; in the droughts they rammed down with the beetle any spot that betrayed its superior height by a parched look. The public thought the ground already level, but the two old players knew better. Every wave up or down amounting to a third of an inch was known to them; every square yard of dead level was mapped out in their minds. They were both in good practice, and both had friends looking on. Literally both had friends, not each; for the friends of one were the friends of the other.

"Fourteen all!" was called, and it was Jean Mercier's turn to play. As the game was for fifteen points, the crisis became exciting, and the little, plump pastor, whose face was bathed in perspiration, took extra care in surveying his ground. Bongrand, less earnest in the matter since Reine had come on to the scene, turned and talked to the pastor's sister. He had done this in all the pauses of the game, and she appeared to take as great pleasure in his discourse as he in hers. Not that their conversation was particularly confidential, for they chatted about the works of charity which formed the business of their daily lives — the visiting of the sick, the relief of those in distress, the management of some evening classes for adults. Charity is not sectarian, and Reine never inquired whether a person in need of aid was Protestant or Catholic. Nor did Bongrand.

On this point, as on many others, he and the Merciers were of one mind, and they had clubbed their resources and energies to do all the good that can be done by united workers. As a consequence peace and comfort reigned in their two parishes, which were cited as exemplary ones in a diocese which was itself exemplary, thanks to its bishop.

Reine and the Abbé Bongrand were still talking, and Pastor Mercier was poising his ball once more before making the final pitch which was to decide the game, when suddenly a loud halloo resounded, and Mongros, who had been to the wine-shop, appeared, waving a newspaper. Mercier, balked of his throw, paused to see what was the matter; and all the spectators turned their eyes towards the big blacksmith, who was evidently the bearer of important news. His face was flushed, and as soon as he was within earshot he bawled,—

"Hie, Monsieur le Curé, bad tidings for you. Our good bishop is dead!"

"What!" exclaimed the Abbé Bongrand, with a start; and his ball dropped out of his hand.

"Yes. Monsignor Beauharnais died suddenly last night; here it is in the paper — you may read for yourself."

"God receive him among his saints," muttered Bongrand inaudibly, as he made the sign of the cross, and took the newspaper with a trembling hand. He had become pale, and his footsteps were unsteady as he made for the railing where his cassock hung.

All present knew what deep love was borne to good Bishop Beauharnais by his clergy, but especially by Bongrand. Words of sympathy were proffered to the young priest, and groups were formed who discussed the sad event in low tones as a thing for which all in the diocese had cause to grieve.

There were no more bowls that afternoon. Jérôme Bongrand put on his cassock and bands, and wended his way with head downcast to the church, there to have a knell tolled and to recite a *De Profundis*. All those of his parishioners who were at hand, men, women, and children, followed him unbidden; only the Protestants of Taulon remained on the common.

But they did not stay there long.

Tears stood in Reine Mercier's eyes, and she approached her brother to whisper something in his ear. He seemed to approve, and slipped on his coat and white neckcloth. "My friends," he cried, beckoning his Swiss countrymen round him,

"a great and good man has passed away. Let us pay our tribute of respect both to his memory and to the grief of our well-loved curé of Farigny by entering the house of God and praying. It would be contrary to our faith to pray for the repose of the bishop's soul; but we may entreat that his godly example may not be lost to us, and that we may all do our duty in life as nobly as he did."

So, headed by their pastor and by Reine Mercier, the Calvinists of Taulon reverently entered the little church of Farigny and knelt there among their Catholic brethren. Upon the lowermost step of the altar, almost prostrate in devotional attitude, Jérôme Bongrand was pouring out his whole soul in supplications for a man who had been his spiritual father and benefactor.

Notices of sudden deaths must need come unexpectedly, and yet what an unnatural change seemed to have fallen over the village since the sports of the afternoon!

II.

In Bishop Beauharnais Jérôme Bongrand lost something more than a personal benefactor. A Churchman of that old Gallican school which has become so rare in these days of Ultramontanism, Monsignor Beauharnais had always lived to imbue his clergy with a spirit of concord. He was not one of those who think that the Church fulfils her mission by running counter to science and to the modern doctrines of political progress. For his own part he eschewed politics, and discouraged all encroachments on the part of his clergy upon the prerogatives of the civil power. At the last Ecumenical Council he had voted against the dogma of infallibility, and, though afterwards compelled to retract, under pain of being held schismatic, he had done so with sore reluctance, convinced that the papal see was acting amiss. As a consequence of this, Bishop Beauharnais's diocese was ill spoken of at the Vatican. It was, perhaps, the best diocese in France, where more good was done by the clergy in the schools, in the pulpit, and in social influence than in any other part of the country. But it was not a bigoted diocese. No controversies were started there; no anathemas were launched in its churches; and to the Roman curia its priests seemed wanting in zealotry. One of the last acts of the bishop had been to refuse obedience to a secret injunction of the Camarilla, urging him to exert his influence against the republican government in a parliamentary election.

Jérôme Bongrand had been a favorite pupil of the good bishop. On leaving the seminary he had officiated for a while as one of monsignor's domestic chaplains, residing in the episcopal palace, and taking his meals at the bishop's table. In this daily intercourse with a prelate who might have been a cardinal if red hats were bestowed for merit, and who might have competed for St. Peter's chair if goodness and learning could claim the tiara, the young priest had felt his mind expand and his soul aspire to the loftiest ideal of duty. By-and-by, after he had been appointed to the cure of Farigny, Bongrand kept up a regular correspondence with his old master; and he had had the gratification of knowing that his friendship for Pastor Mercier and the Calvinists of Taulon had secured the bishop's entire approval. Indeed, Bongrand could not have ventured to become so intimate with the Protestant minister if he had not obtained sanction for such a step from headquarters. At his last visitation to Farigny, Monsignor Beauharnais had said to him, laying a hand affectionately on his shoulder, "Continue as you are doing, my son; make yourself beloved, that you may render your office lovable. Love was the main doctrine of our blessed Master — never forget it."

How could Jérôme Bongrand forget it? The words dwelt in his memory like a precious legacy which he treasured during the sincere grief of his bereavement. For several days he went mourning like one who has lost a parent; and mingling with his sorrow over the sad event which had deprived the diocese of so revered a chief, came apprehensions as to who would be sent to succeed Bishop Beauharnais. Without knowing much of the world and its strifes — so peaceful had his life been — Bongrand felt by intuition that a bishop less mild than the late prelate might sadly disturb the quietude which he and his brother priests had been enjoying.

One morning, about ten days after the bishop's death, Jérôme Bongrand, having said his masses and breakfasted, had gone into the little garden of his presbytery to work. This garden yielded him vegetables and fruit for his frugal table, and he tilled it himself. It contained some strawberry beds, a few plum and pear-trees, and was bounded on one side by a brick wall, where some cherries were now ripening in the sun. To the south lay some forcing-frames, and the young curé, having tucked up his cassock, was turning his attention to some melons, when over the hedge he descried Reine Mercier coming down the

road, with a small basket on her arm, whilst her little niece trotted beside her. Reine's familiar figure, with its grey cloak and straw hat, had not been seen on this road for more than a week, for the Merciers had purposely avoided troubling the curé with their visits during a time of trouble, when they thought he might prefer to be alone. In this they were wrong, for their visits were never troublesome to him — far from it; and now when he saw Reine he felt glad. She came straight to the presbytery, and he went to the wicket-gate to meet her, culling on his way a grand scarlet rose which had blossomed that morning on his largest bush. It was a brotherly gift, such as he could make her; and yet not quite a gift either, but rather an exchange, for the contents of Reine's basket were intended as a present to him.

"See, my sister has told me to bring you these eggs from my poultry yard," said she, when they had exchanged greetings. "I will give them to Babette, who will find them fresh, I think."

"My old servant looks upon you as her Providence, mademoiselle," answered Bongrand, with a smile. "Will you walk into my parlor, and let me give Louisette a sweet biscuit?"

"No, thank you; we have some visiting to do, and I only called in passing to offer you our condolences again, Monsieur le Curé," said Reine, gently. "Have you heard yet who is to be your new bishop?"

"No. Most of us would like to see the Abbé Grandier, monsignor's vicar general, appointed. He so ably seconded our dear master."

"His appointment might make some difference in your life, would it not? You would probably leave Farigny."

"Why, mademoiselle?" asked Bongrand, astonished.

"Oh, my brother suggested that might be the case," replied Reine, with a slight blush. "He has heard that the Abbé Grandier highly appreciates you, and it would be only fair if he promoted you to a better benefice."

"What better benefice could I have than this one, where I have found so many friends?" exclaimed Jérôme Bongrand, rather troubled. "My heart is in Farigny. I do not wish to leave the parish."

"Supposing promotion were offered, though, you would have to accept it, would you not?"

"I think not. The offer would not be made me as a command — at least I do not presume so," said Bongrand, with growing animation. "No; I do not wish

to leave Farigny. I know every one here; I am happy, and have no enemies. Your friendship, too, and your brother's have been very precious to me, mademoiselle."

His trouble increased as he spoke, and when he paused he looked at Reine Mercier with a dismayed expression, as if she had brought him bad news. Her pretty head was half turned from him, and her eyes sought the ground. Was it the sun which, breaking at that moment from its covering of clouds, overspread Reine's features with a faint tinge? It may have been fancy, but it seemed to Bongrand that she was pleased to hear that he would not willingly go away. Presently her face relapsed into its habitual expression of grave serenity, and she talked about some parish matters. Then, as noon was approaching, and she had half a league to walk before reaching home, she called to little Louissette, her niece, who was playing in the road, and wishing the curé good-day, took leave of him. Bongrand stood at his gate, watching her retreating figure, and holding in his shovel hat the new-laid eggs which she had transferred from her basket.

He walked into his presbytery with a sigh, and having consigned the eggs to old Babette, his servant, sat down to think. His sensations were as if some peril threatened him. Never till then had he contemplated the possibility of being obliged to leave Farigny; and though to many another young priest of his talents the prospect of being called away from an obscure country parish would have brought with it agreeable excitement, to him it was fraught only with misery. He had ceased to be ambitious, and was content with the humble, useful life which he had been leading for five years. Nevertheless, something whispered to him that at his age (he was but thirty-two) he must not hope to have attained his full peace on earth — that the trials, troubles, arduous tasks which Providence sends to all would come to him also, and that, indeed, he had no right to shirk them. He was aware, moreover, that Vicar-General Grandier did think so highly of him that it was by no means improbable Pastor Mercier's prediction would come to pass. Wherefore Jérôme Bongrand was almost tempted to hope, for his own sake, that this good man would not get the vacant mitre. However, he was spared long anxiety on this subject, for the government did not appoint the Abbé Grandier. One morning tidings arrived that the new bishop was to be a certain Abbé Vamusot, director of a Jesuit college near Paris; and that this prelate had selected

as his vicar-general the Abbé Chiffoin, a canon of the cathedral chapter.

Of the Abbé Vamusot little was known in the Jura. He was an old man, who many years before had enjoyed some reputation as a preacher in Paris, and who of late years, while managing his college, had written a learned book of theological disquisition on the Immaculate Conception. But these titles had not given him universal celebrity. In fact, Jérôme Bongrand had never heard his name before. As to the new vicar-general,* the case was different, and there was not a priest in the Jura but knew the Abbé Chiffoin all too well.

In every sphere, where a man of parts is trying to do good, there rises up some peevish *homunculus* to thwart him. Bishop Beauharnais had ruled all his clergy with love; but he, like others, had his enemy, and that man was Chiffoin. A meddlesome, narrow-headed bigot, full of tortuous thoughts and envious vanity, Chiffoin was a perfect specimen of the priest who wants to rise to ecclesiastical honors, and, as often happens, he had risen by making himself obnoxious and dreadful to his superiors. He had so often caused scandal in parishes by the intemperate zeal which impelled him to pick quarrels with public personages whom he hoped to earn credit by attacking, that Bishop Beauharnais, in despair of ever curbing his unruly spirit, had got him promoted to a canonry, that he might at least, have the man under his eye. "As a canon," thought the good bishop, "Chiffoin will do less harm than as a curé, for it will be I alone who will suffer from his temper." And this calculation proved true, for so long as the bishop lived Chiffoin could only bustle and fret, without doing much mischief in a chapter, all of whose members were devoted to their prelate. But now that he had been raised to the vicar-generalship, Chiffoin had become virtually master of the diocese. It was a startling rise, for, as a rule, new bishops reappoint the vicars-general of their predecessors; and the fact that Monsignor Vamusot should have departed from this usage — which almost has force of etiquette — the fact that he should have put aside the gentle and tolerant Abbé Grandier, and chosen the most fractious priest in the chapter to be his lieutenant, was proof enough that great changes were

* A vicar-general is the right-hand man of a bishop. His position is somewhat higher than an archdeacon's in England, and he enjoys some of the attributes of the Anglican cathedral dean.

to be introduced into the ecclesiastical policy of the diocese.

How great these changes were Jérôme Bongrand was soon to know.

The new bishop had been duly enthroned in the Cathedral of L——; he had issued a rather unctuous pastoral letter to the faithful in his diocese, and another to his clergy, both of which documents were read in the pulpits of all the churches and afterwards affixed to the church doors. Then private letters were sent out by the Abbé Chiffoin to the principal curés, enjoining them to repair to L—— on divers specified dates to "pay their homage to monsignor and to receive instructions." Jérôme Bongrand was favored with one of these mandates, emblazoned with the episcopal crozier and mitre; but by some mistake in the posting it only reached him on the morning of the day for which he was summoned to L——. He had, therefore, only just time to put on his best cassock, sash, and hat before hurrying off to catch a train at a country station three miles off. As it was, he would have been too late to keep his appointment if the blacksmith, Mongros, who was going to L—— to buy nails, had not given him a lift in his cart. During their ride the blacksmith, as he flogged his whip over his flea-beaten white pony, talked all the while of Reine Mercier; and he ended by informing the priest that he would like to marry that girl "if the religious difficulty could be got over."

"You see," said he naïvely, "she can't turn Catholic because of her brother; and I can't become Protestant because if I did the government would probably sack me from my mayorship. As for marrying as we are, I don't know how it can be done, for they say this new bishop isn't like the other. If you see him to-day, perhaps you could slip in a word about giving me a *dispense*, eh?" and he nudged Bongrand.

The cure of Farigny was shocked at this way of treating religious subjects. He had never much liked Mongros, whom he regarded as the one black sheep of his parish; but was it from knowing that this man was a scoffer and addicted to drink that the curé objected to him as a suitor for the hand of Reine Mercier? Bongrand thought that Reine deserved a better husband, but it was in vain that he asked himself what man amongst his acquaintances he would have liked her to marry. In truth, he deemed none good enough for her. He inquired of the blacksmith point-blank whether he had proposed to Mlle. Mercier, and heaved a sigh of relief on hearing that he had not. Pres-

ently they reached the railway station, and here they parted, for they travelled to L—— in different carriages. On arriving at the cathedral city, however, Mongros once more cried to Bongrand on the platform: "I say, don't forget about my *dispense*, eh!"

Jérôme Bongrand hurried to the episcopal palace. It was a grave old mansion standing in a narrow street adjoining the cathedral. To the rear of it there stretched a finely-wooded garden, whose boundary wall separated it from the recreation grounds of the seminary, which had its entrance in a parallel thoroughfare. Bongrand's heart thumped as he approached these old buildings, where all his youth had been spent. Here he had come as a boy, when his peasant mother had brought him raw and uncouth to be educated; here he had acquired learning; here he had been confirmed and ordained; and the last time he had visited the palace it was as the guest of good Bishop Beaumain, with whom he had spent so many happy hours conversing under those tall trees. The palace had been a hospitable place in those days, but now something like a chill crept over Bongrand as he entered the vestibule and handed his letter of audience to a lean acolyte in a cassock, who was a stranger to him. He was forthwith shown into a reception-room, where a dozen priests were assembled, talking in low tones, and with looks of constraint.

This constraint was itself a new thing, for in old days all the clergy who came from distant parishes to transact business with the bishop brought pleasant stories with them, and were glad to meet one another. It looked, however, as if a new spirit had come over them. They discussed some changes which the new bishop was to inaugurate—the enlargement of the seminary, the introduction of Jesuit teachers into the church schools, etc., but they seemed afraid to pronounce any opinion on these innovations. They simply mentioned them as though the faintest criticism might perhaps get them into trouble.

Jérôme Bongrand had barely time to shake hands with two old schoolfellows of his, curés like himself, when some folding-doors were thrown back, and a soft-spoken chaplain announced: "The bishop."

Monsignor Vamusot walked, or rather hobbled in, leaning on the arm of his vicar-general, Chiffoin, and began bobbing his head to his clergy all round with forced smirks, while they bowed low. The new bishop was a decrepit old gentleman who had once been corpulent, but whose flesh

had now wrinkled into grey folds, his body having also grown crooked. His head was quite bald, and his eyes were watery and blinking; yet with his violet cassock and gold cross, and with that mundane smirk of his, he presented no bad specimen of a polished ecclesiastical dignitary. His politeness, though almost painful in its studied grace, was, in sum, better than the snarling roughness of Chiffoin, who looked like a churl. A dark-haired, olive-faced little man, with a large, fierce mouth, and sparkling eyes forever on the move this way and that in search of an advantage, the vicar-general was to an ordinary observer repugnant, to a physiognomist terrible. There was ambition, restlessness, domineering vanity in every line of his uncanny visage; and his manner of holding the bishop under the arm and conducting him round the room showed what a mastery he had acquired over the age-weakened mind of his superior. All the clergy perceived this at a glance, and each of them, after performing an obeisance to "*Sa Grandeur*," made a separate bow to Chiffoin.

The bishop did but make one turn of the room, without saying more than "good-day" to anybody; then, having waved a blessing to the small assembly with three fingers, he retired to his private apartments. The clergy waited in the reception room, for the soft-spoken chaplain came to say that monsignor would give privy audience to each of them separately; and shortly afterwards Jérôme Bongrand's name was called first of all.

He followed his conductor, and was led to the episcopal study, where he found the vicar-general alone. Through the windows fronting the garden, however, he caught sight of the new bishop, installed in an armchair on the lawn, propped by pillows, and dozing, with his hands folded on his stomach placidly. It was evident that "*Sa Grandeur*" had delegated all the business of his see to Chiffoin.

"Monsignor is fatigued," began the father, bluntly, and without offering Bongrand a seat. "He has instructed me to give you his orders. My brother, I am informed that you have been living five years near a Calvinist community, and that you have not effected a single conversion."

"I have not sought to make proselytes," replied Bongrand, respectfully. "Monsignor Beauharnais dissuaded me ——"

"Stop," said Chiffoin. "The late bishop had in his declining years, perhaps owing to bodily and mental infirmities, ceased to display the zeal which the

Church must nowadays expect of her servants. We live in godless times; that is reason the more why every priest who feels imbued with the sacredness of his vocation should make war upon heresy wherever he meets it."

"Make war?" muttered Bongrand, who had changed color.

"Yes; war to the death upon heresy; but that need not hinder you from conciliating the heretics if they can be won by that method. The great point is to convert them. Think what a triumph it would be to our diocese if you could win over to the true faith the whole of that infidel community of Taulon! The mere idea should inflame your zeal! Begin with that Pastor Mercier, who, they tell me, is a friend of yours. If you capture the shepherd, the sheep will soon follow."

"I have no chance of converting Pastor Mercier," said Bongrand, with a shake of the head. "He is a learned and good man, as firm set in his religion as a rock."

"But he has a wife and a sister, hasn't he?" exclaimed Chiffoin, in sharp irritation. "What is the use of your having obtained the confidence of these women if you do not exert your influence over them for righteous ends? Baptize that heretic's sister and draw away half his congregation, and you will see if he remains so rock-like. Convert his wife, and you will soon see him come amongst us for quiet's sake."

"So you advise me to break the peace of my friend's home that I may win the vain honor of a few conversions?" ejaculated Jérôme Bongrand, trembling with an honest indignation.

"I give you no advice, but orders," cried Chiffoin, with glaring eyes. "If you do not understand the importance of the mission that devolves upon you in such a parish as Farigny, we will place there some priest of greater diligence than you. Go now, and remember that the days of supineness are past."

The young curé, though trained in a school of implicit obedience, could not brook the taunt that was conveyed in the last words, and he opened his mouth to speak. But the vicar-general cut him short: "Enough!" he cried, peremptorily, "I give you a month to mend your ways. At the end of that time I expect to hear that you have made some progress in the course I have indicated. If not, you will be sent to another parish!"

III.

JEROME BONGRAND returned to Farigny feeling stunned. He was not surprised

that the new vicar-general should be so well informed as to his relations with the Merciers, for Roman Catholic priests are accustomed to live under the espionage, more or less occult, of their superiors; besides which, in the present case, his friendship for the pastor's family was a matter of notoriety. What astounded him was to be told that he was in duty bound to carry the brands of religious discord amidst a people who lived in brotherly union. There had never been anything like ill-feeling between the Catholics of Farigny and the Calvinists of Taulon; nor had the two ministers ever indulged in controversy, except now and then in fun, when they would agree, after a good bout of words, that they were of the same faith after all. And so they were, for the Christianity which Mercier preached differed in no wise from that in which Bongrand believed — a Christianity of Christ, not a Mariolatry. Bishop Beauharnais had always set his face — like a true Gallican as he was — against the predominance of the worship of Mary over the simpler and purer trust in the Redeemer; and as to subsidiary questions, such as auricular confession, the celibacy of the priesthood, etc., Bongrand justly held that these were matters of ecclesiastical discipline settled by men and not to be mixed up with the dogmas which came from God.

The day after his visit to L—— was a Sunday, and after his masses, Bongrand started for Taulon, to take a midday dinner with the pastor's family, as it was his occasional custom to do. He had made up his mind to tell Mercier nothing of what had happened; but he was not able so to control his features that his anxieties were hidden. His gaiety during the meal was a little forced, as Reine, who sat opposite him, promptly noticed. The pastor noticed it too, and guessed something of the cause, for ever since hearing of Monsignor Vamusot's appointment to the bishopric he had expected to learn that Bongrand had received orders to cease from his intercourse with the Protestants. The thought of this made him sigh, for he valued the cure's friendship. After dinner, instead of proposing to walk over to Farigny and resume the games of bowls which had been discontinued since the late bishop's death, Mercier invited Bongrand to come and sit in an arbor in the garden of his parsonage. Here Reine brought them a bottle of white wine and some glasses, and left them alone.

The two men sat silent a few minutes, enjoying the well-earned repose of a fine June Sunday. Then the Calvinist laid a

hand on his friend's knee and looked searching into his face. "Something has occurred to grieve you, Bongrand? Tell me the truth: persecutions are going to begin?"

"Yes, they are," exclaimed the cure, with a gulp at the throat; and he poured out his whole heart before the minister. He thought it best to speak out, for he wanted advice, and none could give it better than Mercier. "Tell me what I'm to do!" he said in despair, as he concluded. "Here is one of these cases in which a man cannot see his way. I ought to obey my bishop, but I cannot perceive that there is any righteousness in these orders which have been given me."

"Still less can I," answered Mercier, knitting his brows, not in anger but in reflection. "I see hard times are coming on us; but, hark you, Bongrand, if you leave Farigny, our little Calvinist colony will probably return to Switzerland. It will be better we should do that than stay to wrangle with our neighbors."

"I was in hopes I might have spent my life here."

"So was I; but with such a man as that new bishop and his vicar-general we have no peace to expect. I see it all; he will begin by annoying us, then my parishioners and yours will quarrel. There will, perhaps, be fights, anyhow bickerings, malice, hatred, and all the evils which religious feuds produce. Your removal (if you be removed) will be tantamount to a declaration of war on us, and I, for my part, have no wish to see my people transformed into fanatics by persecution, or to become one myself."

"I am afraid I shall be removed," said Bongrand, with a moan, "for I will not lend myself to serve as an instrument of annoyance."

"No; you are too upright for that," answered the Calvinist; "but I sincerely pity you, for what will your fate be when you are transferred to another parish? You will be noted thenceforth as an insubordinate priest, as a man of liberal crochets, the worst stigma that can be affixed to a man of your Church in the opinion of its present rulers. And mind you, Ultramontanism like M. Chiffoin's is in the ascendant, whereas Catholicism such as your late excellent bishop practised is a thing of the past — at least, it will never be dominant so long as you or I are alive."

"If I thought that —" cried Jérôme Bongrand, starting up excitedly; but he restrained himself before speaking aloud. What he had to say was vaporized off in-

wardly. Just at that moment the sound of a voice raised in fervent conversation was heard, and Pastor Mercier looked up in surprise.

"That's Mongros, the blacksmith, talking to my sister," said he.

Talking and making love, he might have added, for the blacksmith was pouring forth beseeching words to which the Calvinist girl was returning only discouraging answers. The two were concealed from view by the arbor where the ministers sat; but Reine, who doubtless suspected that Mongros's wooing might be overheard, entreated him to leave her, and at length broke away from him. Then an expletive rang through the air, and Mongros appeared, his face red, his eyes glaring.

"I say, Mercier, this is a pretty business; I've asked your sister to marry me, and she won't."

"She is her own mistress on that point, you know," said the pastor.

"But what fault can she find with me? I am rich, having forty thousand francs in the funds, three fields, and a good forge; then I am mayor of my commune."

"And you are a very good fellow, let not your modesty forget that," smiled Mercier, soothingly; "still, all this is nothing if Reine won't accept you. Have patience."

"I believe it's all owing to our miserable differences of religion!" ejaculated Mongros, accepting a glass of wine that was poured out for him, and wiping his lips with the back of his hand when he had drunk half of it. "I say though, Mercier, should you seriously object if Mademoiselle Reine became a Catholic?"

"What a question! She is as free to change her religion as she is to bestow or withhold her hand."

"I'll tell you why I ask," said the blacksmith, after bolting the rest of his wine. "Supposing our friend there (and he pointed to Bongrand) were to take your sister in hand, give her an hour's lesson in the catechism every day, and that sort of thing; at the end of a month he might have converted her. I have read of this being done with Protestant princesses who are going to marry Catholics."

"You do us a great honor in comparing my sister to a princess," laughed Mercier, not a little amused; "but remember that *Reine* means queen; perhaps you would best show your fealty in turning Calvinist."

"No; I can't do that," said the blacksmith, stolidly. "I've already explained to the curé that I should probably lose my mayoralship if I did, and that wouldn't suit me."

He saw nothing to laugh at. The pastor, however, who had a sense of the drolery of the situation, patted him on the shoulder and told him again not to lose heart. Jérôme Bongrand had taken no part in the discussion, and now remarked that it was time for him to be off to vespers. He and the minister shook hands, and the latter whispered: "Courage — I will see you again to-morrow, and we will talk over our position."

But the curé was not suffered to walk to Farigny alone, for Mongros, having tarried but a moment to say a few words in private to Mercier, posted after Bongrand and accompanied him all the way, even as far as the church porch. He repeated as a very serious proposal that Mademoiselle Reine should be taken in hand with a view to conversion.

"You see priests like you, Bongrand, have every power over a woman when you choose to exert it. Once get this girl in your confessional — frighten her about being a heretic; tell her it's her duty to marry me so that she mayn't continue to be an encumbrance to her relatives, then the trick is played."

"You rightly call it a trick," answered Bongrand, losing patience at last. "You must not rely on me to help you in it."

"But why not?" asked the big blacksmith, open-eyed.

"Because I do not approve of trying conversions; let those come over to us whom the spirit moves to do it."

"Well, but stop a bit; I say," cried Mongros, catching the curé by his sash as he was entering the sacristy; "you believe that our religion is the best, don't you?"

"It is my duty to believe it."

"Well, then, it's surely your duty to rescue those whom you see going to hell. You are bound to tell Mademoiselle Reine that her soul is in great jeopardy, eh?"

"I do not believe Mademoiselle Reine's soul is in any jeopardy; it is that of a sweet and pious girl," replied Bongrand, releasing himself from the blacksmith and entering the church.

"Well, but that isn't orthodox a bit," shouted Mongros, left alone in the graveyard. "I'm hanged if it's orthodox. Par dieu! the Inquisition would have had you tried if you had talked in that way during the good times!"

IV.

MONGROS took it very unkindly that the curé should refuse to assist him in his love affairs. He was a hasty, blunt-spoken man, who had considerable influence in Farigny,

both owing to his position as mayor and to his comfortable circumstances, which enabled him to dispense a good deal of hospitality under the form of wine to his bumpkin toadies. After tippling hard for three days to drown his disappointment, he ended by making up his mind that Jérôme Bongrand eyed him with disfavor because he was a toper, and this made him furious. The deep respect with which the curé was regarded in the parish for a time sealed the mayor's lips, but anger and drink got the better of him, and he began ranting during his work in the forge over the "meddlesomeness of those curés." He talked as if he had a very serious personal grievance, and in order to find supporters he stood treat to his apprentices and to divers peasants who came to have their tools mended, all of whom were ready enough to inveigh against the priesthood and to guffaw in relating loose anecdotes about them. The next step was to ask what is the use of curés; and at last Mongros, who was drunker than usual that day, shouted,—

"I don't see why we should pay a curé who isn't a true Catholic either. I don't like heretics. Next time the grant is moved for in the municipal council I shall refuse to vote for it."

This was a serious threat, for if a council withholds the communal grant from a country curé he finds it impossible to live on the absurdly small salary of £28 a year which the State allows him. Jérôme Bongrand was much afflicted by the mayor's enmity — or, rather, by the other enmities which this one stirred up — for he could ill-afford to lose the goodwill of his parishioners at a time when his bishop's countenance was likely to be withdrawn from him. The keen blast of Ultramontane oppression was now beginning to blow all over the diocese, and every day brought tidings of some new act of intolerance instigated by Chiffoin. Like all men whose schooldays have been happy, Bongrand was greatly attached to the seminary where he had been brought up; and he learned with dismay that every one of the old masters of the institution — a set of wise, painstaking men — were being turned away to make room for a number of fussy young Jesuits nourished with the doctrines of the Syllabus. One day an old priest, who had been Bongrand's tutor, arrived footsore and dejected at the presbytery of Farigny, and confessed that he had actually not the wherewithal to support himself, and should have to go and end his days in a clerical refuge, seeing that Chiffoin, after dismiss-

ing him from his mastership, would not give him a benefice nor allow him to be employed as a curate. Bongrand was moved to tears by this recital of unmerited wrong, and he offered his old tutor an asylum under his roof. But this the old man would not accept. "You will soon have troubles of your own, Jérôme," he said gently, "and it is because I know your high-spirited character that I have come here to bid you not rebel against orders that may be given you. Obey, and leave the responsibility to them who command you."

"Even when my conscience tells me that I am enjoined to do a wrong thing?" asked Bongrand.

"Let not your conscience judge those in authority over you," said the old man, with a shake of the head. "You are young, and it is not good that you should sacrifice yourself, when by giving obedience to our rulers you may enjoy a long and useful ministry."

"But you, yourself, my father, seem to have resisted orders which you could not in conscience obey."

"Well, my son, I am old," said the aged priest, evasively. "It was not worth while that I should renounce the principles of a lifetime for the sake of spending my few remaining days in peace."

"Oh!" cried Jérôme Bongrand, "if I am only to consult my peace, I shall not yield. Your example points me to the true path, father, and being young I must use my strength in the cause of truth."

He spoke from a deep conviction, for his courage scouted the prudent counsels which were only designed to keep him out of mischief's way. The more he heard of Chiffoin's goings on, the more he felt that compliance with the decrees of such a man would be baseness.

A few days after this he received by registered parcel through the post a manual of clerical instructions bearing the superscription "Private and confidential." It was a manual relating to all the questions which a priest can touch on in the confessional; to the policy which he should pursue in his intercourse with civilians; to his conduct during times of political elections, and so forth. Couched in a crafty spirit, and impact with theology of the most aggressive sort, it was such a document as brought a blush of shame to Jérôme Bongrand's cheek. At first the young curé thought he was the victim of a hoax played by somebody who wished to turn the Ultramontane faction into contempt; but, by-and-by, when he had con-

vinced himself that the manual was a genuine official document which had been commended to him for his guidance, his blood boiled.

He sat down to answer Chiffoin. At starting he only intended to indite a short letter formulating some conscientious objections; but, carried away by the rush of thoughts welling up from his brain, he covered several sheets of paper. He sat writing at the open window of the study in his presbytery, and hours passed without his noticing the flight of time. His old servant, Babette, came to tell him that his dinner was ready, and found him amidst a litter of big books of reference which he had pulled down from his shelves. On her returning to say that the dinner had got cold, he was still plying his pen. "Patience, my good Babette," he said, scarcely looking up, "I shall have finished soon," but he had not finished till night-time.

When at last his thoughts had all been couched on paper, he read what he had written, and felt an author's pride in his work. It was a complete indictment against Ultramontane policy and its dogmas; it set forth how, through the agency of the Jesuits, the Catholic spirit of the Christian Church had been subverted; how new dogmas, devised for worldly objects, had been laid upon the primitive faith taught by the apostles; and how he, Bongrand, did not recognize the religion of Chiffoin as having any affinity with that inculcated by Bishop Beauharnais. In sum, Jérôme Bongrand declared he would appeal to Rome. Many another priest has argued as he thus did in the generous ardor of youthful illusion, and many another has behaved with the combative rashness which he showed after he had written his indictment, for he resolved to make it public. If Chiffoin alone were to see it, nobody would be any the wiser for the protest he had raised against Jesuitical despotism; whereas Bongrand wanted all the world to judge between him and those whom he accused of wrong-doing. So he spent the latter part of the evening in making two copies of his letter, and having reserved one for the vicar-general, addressed the others to two influential newspapers, one in the diocese, the other in Paris. Then he went out with his precious parcels to the post-office.

It was midnight when Jérôme Bongrand had dropped his letters into the box, and he returned to the presbytery with a buoyant step and a light heart. He did not feel as if he had closed his career in the

Romish Church forever. So convinced was he of the justice of his cause, that he pictured himself as obtaining the approval of the pope for what he had written, and being dignified with the glory of a true Catholic Christian. Alas! he had written nothing new; and the enemies whom he had attacked have over and over again trampled down opposition stronger than that of a poor village curé.

V.

NEVERTHELESS, Bongrand's manifesto, as it was called, did make a great noise in the diocese. It came at a time when some protests against the behavior of Vicar-General Chiffoin seemed needful; but the objection taken against it by the majority of the clergy was that it was not the protest of a Papist; it might have been signed by a Calvinist or Lutheran, and if it meant anything at all it was an argument against Romanism. So nobody was surprised to hear that the curé of Farigny had been suspended from his benefice, and had received a summons to appear before the bishop's consistorial court and answer a charge of heresy. Nay, most people opined that Jérôme Bongrand would soon be heard of as having joined the sect of "Old Catholics" revived by Dr. Dollingen and Father Hyacinthe. This seemed the more probable, as it was now announced that his friend Pastor Mercier, and the latter's Calvinist flock, were going to return to Switzerland, whither Bongrand could easily accompany them.

"Ah! that accounts for the fellow's lukewarmness," cried Mongros, the blacksmith, one day, as he was beating a horseshoe into shape in his forge. "I'm hanged if I didn't think there was something loose with him from the time when he took to herding with those Calvinists."

"Eh, eh, perhaps he means to do as Father Hyacinthe did, and take a wife from among them," observed a jocular farmer whose horse was being shod.

"Why, who could he find to take him?" asked Mongros, his face flaming from the forge fire. "An unfrocked priest is neither man nor woman."

"Eh, I don't know about that; ask Mlle. Reine Mercier," laughed the peasant.

"Reine Mercier?" muttered Mongros.

"Yes; the pastor's pretty sister. She and the curé seem mighty sweet upon each other. I've met them walking side by side down the lanes of Taulon any day this last week. Ever since that letter appeared in the paper, in fact, they've been

together; and my opinion is that Bongrand is simply going to chuck his cassock aside in order to marry the girl."

"Thunder of Heaven!" shouted the blacksmith, bringing down his hammer upon the anvil with such force that a myriad of sparks leaped aloft. "By my soul, if I thought that, I'd stir up all the Catholics of Farigny to give them both such a charivari with pots and kettles that they'd be obliged to fly the country this very night. But no," added he, flinging his hammer down, and speaking as if a reflection had occurred to him. "No, I tell you an unfrocked priest can't marry. I know something about it, as I'm mayor. If Bongrand came to me and asked me to perform the civil marriage for him, I'd say, 'Walk off, you scamp.' The law courts have decided that it would be my duty to act so."

"Yes, yes; but there's nothing to prevent Monsieur le Curé from going to get himself naturalized in the canton of Geneva, where he can marry fast enough," answered the peasant.

The thought of Jérôme Bongrand's marrying Reine Mercier was too much for the blacksmith Mongros. He left his forge, ran home to dress, and an hour later was walking with quick strides down the road at Taulon which led to the parsonage. It happened to be during school hours, and consequently Pastor Mercier, who discharged the double duties of minister and teacher in his parish, was not at home. As for Madame Mercier, she was, as usual, in her kitchen, but on seeing Mongros, whom she rather liked and favored as a suitor for her sister's hand, she said, "Oh, I suppose you have come to see Reine; you'll find her in the garden, I think, with Monsieur le Curé."

"With Monsieur le Curé!" muttered Mongros between his teeth. "Pretty company."

"Yes," continued Madame Mercier, who did not hear this remark. "The cure has come to say good-bye. It seems he is going away as a missionary. Oh, Monsieur Mongros, what troubles we have had since that new bishop came! And now it seems scandal is busy with our poor curé's name. You ought to stop it, for there was never a better man alive."

"That may be your opinion," growled Mongros, "it isn't mine."

"Oh, but haven't you heard of his noble conduct?" said Madame Mercier, who was a voluble little lady. "Why, as soon as an old tutor of his had come to tell him that he had done wrong in writing his letter,

and that by so doing he would bring discredit on the memory of Bishop Beauharnais, whose pet pupil he was known to be, why Bongrand was filled with repentance, and now he is going to recant."

"To recant?"

"Aye. It seems he is to go to Rome and throw himself at the pope's feet to ask for forgiveness; after which he is going as a missionary to China. He is saying good-bye to Reine now; go, and you'll find him in the garden."

The blacksmith went amazed. The notion that a priest could utterly humble himself in deference to the ecclesiastical rule of obedience was one that he could not grasp all at once. The garden was strangely still, but as Mongros advanced he heard sounds of sobbing near the arbor.

He walked forward on tiptoe and looked stealthily through the ivy, expecting to witness a love scene. He saw Bongrand standing up bare-headed, with his hands folded on his breast, and a serene look on his face, which was wan and pale. Reine Mercier was seated on a bench and crying.

Suddenly Bongrand held out his hand: "Good-bye, my sister," he said. "And now have you anything to ask me before I go?"

"Yes, your blessing, father," she faltered, and flung herself on her knees at the feet of the young priest, who raised his hands and made the sign of the cross over her.

That is the scene which the blacksmith, Mongros, witnessed through the ivy.

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BURMA.

THERE are few things more extraordinary in the annals of the world than the history of our political relations with native princes in the East. In India the growth of British power was supported by a system of subsidiary alliances. When the old wars with Indian princes had been brought to a close, about the year 1818, the British government found itself pledged to maintain the native powers in their respective territories. It guarded against their making war upon each other, or carrying on any political negotiations amongst themselves, excepting through the medium of its own political officers. It rigidly prohibited all communication whatever with any foreign nation, European or

Asiatic. It put a stop forever to an objectionable practice which had grown up during the eighteenth century, under which native princes had taken French and other European officers into their service, for the purpose of drilling their armies in the same way that the East India Company's officers had drilled the English Sepoys.

In dealing with Burma, no subsidiary alliance was ever contemplated. In the earlier years of British ascendancy, the king of Burma was always regarded as an independent sovereign, whom it was desirable to propitiate by any and every means in our power. This fiction of treating the semi-barbarian monarch as superior to the English authorities at Calcutta and Madras was kept up, with some exceptions, throughout the period which preceded the first Burmese war of 1824-26. During the interval of nearly thirty years which separates the first and second Burmese wars, there were no cordial relations between the two states.

The present state of political relations with Burma has no connection whatever with the old diplomacy of the eighteenth century. It belongs to an entirely new era; it has grown out of the second Burmese war, and is in fact the result of that war. In 1853 the king of Burma refused to sign any treaty, and the then governor-general, Lord Dalhousie, finding that the king was impracticable, declared that he did not want a treaty; that a treaty with such a potentate would not be worth the paper on which it was written. He accordingly ignored the king, and by a notification dated Fort William, 30th June, 1853, issued his own proclamation of peace; annexing at the same time the valuable province of Pegu, and fixing on his own authority a parallel of latitude to be the line of frontier between British and Burmese territories. The consequence was, that the empire of Burma, which had once commanded the greater part of the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, was reduced to the condition of an inland power, and shut up in the upper valley of the Irawadi River.

The second Burmese war of 1852-53 was much more effective than that of 1824-26, but was unfortunately brought to a premature close. On neither occasion did we take due advantage of our conquest. In 1826, and again in 1853, it would have been an easy task to reduce the king of Burma to the condition of a feudatory prince, maintained by a subsidiary alliance, like the princes of India. Of late years the British government seem to have

awakened to a sense of their omission. They have striven to obtain by diplomacy in time of peace the commanding attitude of a paramount power in upper Burma, which could only have been legitimately obtained by force of arms; and now a third Burmese war is by some considered imminent.

Since the death of the late king of Burma considerable anxiety has been caused by reports that several small forts, which within the last few years have been constructed at certain commanding points on the Irawadi River under the supervision of an Italian engineer officer, had been armed with guns, and that the new occupant of the throne had been surrounding himself with counsellors notorious for their hostility to the English. Later telegrams, too, conveying statements of further war-like preparations, and information that the Indian government had, under the present precarious condition of affairs, thought fit to more than double the numerical strength of the military force ordinarily maintained in British Burma, together with sensational accounts of atrocities said to have been committed by the new régime, are certainly not, to those unacquainted with the Burmese, of a nature to allay the previous misgivings.

The late king, whose name when a child was Moung-lwon, but since his accession to the throne has been known by his royal titles only, it being a Burmese theory that the name of a king is too sacred to be uttered, is officially reported to have died on the 2nd October last. His death, however, is believed to have taken place early in the previous month, and to have been concealed by the ministers in order that arrangements might be completed for securing the accession to the throne of the young Thee-bau prince, the favorite amongst all the king's numerous sons of his chief surviving queen, the Alay-nandau Phura. She, since the death in November, 1876, of the king's principal queen and half-sister, the Nama-dau Phur., has possessed great power and influence.

On the 19th September a proclamation, purporting to have proceeded from the king, was published in Mandalay installing his "royal son," the Thee-bau Meng, Ieng-shé Meng, or crown prince, and describing him as "well versed in the Bee-da-gat thoon-bon," or three great divisions of the Buddhist Scriptures, and "having completed his education by passing three first class examinations with degrees of honor." On the same day that the proclamation was issued the Thee-bau Meng

took up his residence near the Hlwotdau, or supreme court, situated within the palace enclosure; and on the 2nd October, the declared date of the king's death, he removed to the royal palace, on the steps of which were assembled the ministers of state, who delivered over to him the White Umbrella, the symbol of Burmese sovereignty — a ceremony equivalent to proclaiming him king.

The king's obsequies were solemnized on the 7th October, a fact which goes far to prove that his death actually occurred some time previous to its official notification. A king's body is always embalmed, and lies in state for, at least, a month, and it is very improbable indeed that a Burmese precedent of ancient standing was departed from in this instance. A description of the ceremonies connected with a Burmese royal funeral may be not uninteresting.

The funeral took place within the inner palace enclosure, and the procession from the palace commenced with seven large elephants with gold-plated castles on their backs, in which were placed lances and shields. These represented the paraphernalia of ancient times. Then came bearers of vessels and other objects symbolic of agriculture. A huge red catafalque containing an empty coffin borne on men's shoulders followed, and in its wake a band of musicians carried sitting on ornamental stands. After the band came the chief ministers of state, preceding two long lines of white-clad ladies of the palace, pulling, by means of ropes covered with white muslin, a truck on which the king's body was laid, sheltered by twelve large white umbrellas held over it by royal pages. The chief surviving queen, the Alay-nan-dau Phura, was next to the truck, and as the procession passed on, a scarlet cloth which had been spread on the ground for the ladies to walk upon was rolled up. On the arrival of the truck in front of the enclosure round the pagoda built for the reception of the body, the ladies of the palace and the ministers took their seats in booths which had been erected for them. All were dressed in white, the mourning color, without ornaments of any kind. After a short pause two lines of soldiers in red and green uniforms, armed with muskets and fixed bayonets, advanced from the palace, and between them came the young king, clad in a garment entirely covered with small plates of silver, with a conical head-dress of the same material, and seated on a splendid golden throne borne by sixty bearers. Four maids-of-honor knelt, two

before and two behind him, on a lower stage of the throne, with hands joined as in adoration. His procession halted in front of the pagoda gateway, where a long address in Pali was read to him, which concluded by begging for permission that the obsequies of the late king might be proceeded with. This took about a quarter of an hour, when his throne was turned round, and he was borne back to the palace.

When he had disappeared, the chief queen arose from her place, accompanied by her own immediate attendants and the ministers, and the corpse, amid sounds of wailing, was placed in its coffin and carried within the funeral enclosure, and bricked up in the vault of the pagoda which had been prepared for it. No cremation of the body took place. Within the enclosure was placed an iron gilt grating resembling that of a cremation furnace, and around it stood bellows formed of large wooden tubes with pistons, usually employed to excite the fire on such occasions; but all these, it was stated, were only intended to be used symbolically.

The late king spent many years of his early life as a Buddhist monk, and in 1853 was suddenly taken from the seclusion of a monastery to sit upon the throne of Burma. In personal character he was amiable and kind, and according to his light, religious. His reign of over a quarter of a century was not disgraced by wanton atrocities and wild excesses, and he was less debased and corrupted by the absolute despotism which he was doomed to exercise, than any of his predecessors. In his anxiety, however, to increase his revenue, he established several royal monopolies and vexatious imposts, which rendered his financial system very oppressive, interfered with trade, and impoverished his people. He fully appreciated our power, which he attempted to counterpoise by sending embassies to several of the courts of Europe with offers to form treaty alliances. During his reign few misunderstandings of any consequence occurred with the British government. Indirect opposition was occasionally shown to reasonable demands made upon him for the benefit of both countries; but when it was thought fit to advance these firmly he gave way, and was always most careful to avoid any possibility of an open rupture.

After the violent death of his brother the crown prince in 1866, the late king was averse to appoint a successor to the throne, and gave as his reason that he wished to avoid the danger of exciting a premature

ambition in the young mind of one of his sons, and also of producing factions among his numerous children in opposition both to himself and his nominee. No law of primogeniture exists among the Burmese, and the king, who is the fountain of all honor, may appoint whom he pleases to succeed him. Shortly previous to his fatal illness it was believed he intended that his son, the Nyoung-yan Meng, should be his successor; but, if so, his wishes have been set aside by a palace intrigue, or he was induced by his favorite queen to change his mind in his last moments. The Nyoung-yan Meng has arrived at the mature age of thirty-four, and is well known for his good disposition and moderate views. His accession would have given general satisfaction, and had he succeeded to the throne, he would probably have had a better chance of holding his own, than the comparatively-speaking unknown youth who has become king.

Some days previous to the promulgation of the royal edict proclaiming the Thee-bau Meng crown prince, orders were issued in the name of the late king summoning all the royal princes to attend at the palace. Many of them obeyed the summons; but some, dreading treachery, excused themselves on one pretence and another. Amongst these latter were the Nyoung-yan Meng and his younger brother, the Moung-ok Meng, who, on the receipt of a second message insisting upon their immediate attendance, took refuge with their families at the British residency. The princes who obeyed the summons were all put under restraint at once, and the others who evaded it for the time have, it is believed, with the above two exceptions, all been subsequently arrested, and several of them put to death.

Great and repeated efforts were made by the Burmese government to induce the British resident, Mr. Shaw, to give up the two fugitive princes; but, having once given them the protection of the British flag, he very properly refused to do so; and on the 14th of November he succeeded in despatching them by a British steamer to Rangoon, where they arrived safely, and were at once sent on to Calcutta. The Alay-nan-dau Phura, being under the impression that her favorite's throne was in jeopardy as long as the Nyoung-yan Meng was at large, was most anxious to obtain possession of the fugitives, and, it is said, was prepared to go any lengths to attain her object, even that of attacking the British residency; but fortunately, owing to the wise counsels of the prime minister,

the Kengwon Meng-gyee, its precincts were not invaded.

The two princes were fortunate in effecting their escape at the time they did, as at least one, the elder of the two, would in all probability have met the same fate at the hands of their half-brother as the Mekhra Meng and other more prominent of the late king's sons are reported to have done. It has been the invariable practice, even at the peaceful accessions of new sovereigns — and the people of no nation in the world are greater sticklers for precedent, or more conservative and tenacious of old customs than the Burmese — for every person who, it is thought, might possibly be dangerous to the rule of the new king, or obnoxious in any way, to be put to death. On the accession of the Pagan Meng, who was deposed by his half-brother, the late king, in 1853, he executed, amongst many others, his brother, the Prince of Prome, with five of his sons, and one of his father's queens, together with all their relations, and shortly after that made a holocaust of another brother, the Taroup-mau Meng, with his family and all his household, amounting in number to upwards of one hundred persons. The late king had a great character for humanity, and fewer executions took place on his accession to the throne than had ever been known before; but still several princes and public officers were executed under his orders.

The late king had no sons by his principal queen, the Nama-dau Phura, or by the Alay-nan-dau Phura, and the whole of his numerous male progeny are by inferior wives or concubines. The Thee-bau Meng is nineteen years of age, and possesses in the fullest degree that curious combination of bounce and timidity so peculiar to the Burmese character. He has married the two daughters of the Alay-nan-dau Phura, who is believed to have been chiefly instrumental in placing him on the throne, and he is sure of her support; but the kingdom has been constantly exposed to palace revolutions; and unless he continues to be upheld by tried and practical ministers, such as the Keng-won and Ma-gway Meng-gyees, he is liable to be deposed at any moment, and another sovereign set up in his stead. He has undertaken the rôle of a reformer, or it has been assumed for him by his ministers. It is a difficult part to play amongst so conservative a people, and outbreaks will doubtless occur. He appears to have already offended the priesthood, to whom the late king was most generous in his offerings, by reducing their allowances, and they consequently

predict all kinds of unpleasant things which are to happen to him.

Besides the Nyoung-yan Meng, there are four other sons of the late king residing under our protection, namely, the Lem-beng, Meng-gon, Meng-gon-doing, and Moung-ok Mengs, all of whom have equal, and in the case of the two former, what may be considered superior claims to the throne, over those of the Thee-bau Meng; the Lem-beng Meng more especially so, as he is a son of the Kanoung Meng, the late crown prince by (if I mistake not) a daughter of King Tharawadi, and is therefore of royal blood on both sides. Moreover, on the late king's accession he entered into a solemn compact with the crown prince, who was his elder brother by the same mother, and to whose influence and exertions he chiefly owed his crown, to the effect that on his death the crown prince or one of his sons should succeed to the throne in preference to his (the king's) descendants. The crown prince was murdered on the 2nd August, 1866, by the Meng-gon and Meng-gon-doing princes, at the instigation, as they themselves state, of their late father, who regretted the powers he had delegated to his brother, and had become both jealous of and alarmed at his influence. This statement was emphatically denied by the late king, and how far it may be true is difficult to determine. The late king certainly gave some grounds for the allegation by shortly afterwards imprisoning the whole family of his late brother, and suddenly ordering them off to execution, from which fate, with the exception of the eldest son, the Pudyne Meng, who had been executed before the reprieve arrived, they were only saved by the interposition of the then British resident, Major Sladen.

The young king may be said to have commenced his reign well, by remitting several monopolies, and no less than twenty-seven different vexatious taxes which tended to paralyze the commerce of the country. Retrenchments have been made in some departments of the State, and divers expensive government works, such as the building of the great Yan-geng-doung pagoda, have been stopped. Portions, too, of the crown jewels have also, it is said, been sold or mortgaged, in order to raise money to pay up long-standing arrears due to the palace guards and other troops, and the salaries of government servants who have been discharged.

A special envoy has also been despatched to the viceroy with a view, it is believed, of renewing the first two clauses of the treaty

which, after some lengthy negotiations, I concluded with the late king on the 25th October, 1867, and proposing additional favorable terms to this treaty. The two clauses in question refer to a uniform import and export duty of five per cent. *ad valorem* on all goods and merchandise passing between British and Burmese territory, and were to remain in force for a period of ten years, commencing from the first day of the Burmese year 1229, corresponding with the 16th April, 1867. Since the expiration of that period, though no alteration has been made in this duty, a disinclination was shown to enter into any further fixed arrangement.

He has, too, but not until after some considerable discussion and demur, conceded the right of the British government to place a military guard of adequate strength at the disposal of the resident at Mandalay, and the assistant resident at Bhamo, the details of which are in course of amicable arrangement between the resident and the ministers. This measure is necessary not only to uphold the position of these officers in external marks of rank and consequence, but also to protect them from personal risks, from which, by nature of the frequent *émeutes* that occur in the country, the Burmese government may sometimes be unable to guard them.

There would appear, therefore, to be every inclination on the part of the new king and his ministers to introduce reforms into the government of the country, and to meet our wishes in every possible way in their power, and our position at Mandalay ought to be stronger now, if judiciously taken advantage of, than ever it has been since we have been brought into contact with the Burmese. The people of Burma, however, are altogether a different people from the inhabitants of India, and form a total contrast to them in habits and disposition, and we may possibly labor under some difficulty in fully realizing the advantages of our position from the fact of our being represented at Mandalay during a critical period by an officer who is entirely unacquainted with the manners, customs, and language of the people, and of the court to which he has been accredited, and is consequently at the mercy of an interpreter. Mr. Shaw is undoubtedly a very able man, well versed in the ways and languages of central Asia, and it seems strange to have transported him to a new sphere, where his former experiences, so eminently useful in his own field of action at Leh and in Kashgar, are utterly thrown away.

With so sensitive and impulsive a people as the Burmese, no forecast of events can well be made. The king's knowledge of the facts that five of his brother princes are living under our protection, any one of whose claims to the monarchy could be supported if we thought fit, and that we are infinitely the stronger of the two, should enable us to gain peacefully any ends which the force of circumstances require him and his people, in their own interests, to yield to our more advanced civilization. But, as stated above, much depends on the manner in which the situation is gauged, and the shape in which our preponderating influence is used. As regards the king of Burma taking the initiative in any aggressive movement against our territories, the contingency seems to me so improbable, that it is not worthy of any serious discussion. We have already taken from the Burmese the most valuable half of their territory; and from what they have previously experienced, they have much greater cause to apprehend such an event from us, than we from them. They have some reason, therefore, for making preparations against us accordingly.

The Burmese have no regular army, so to speak. In case of war an army is formed from levies raised in the different districts of the kingdom, the officials of which become their commanders. No distinction exists between civil and military services, and treasurers and judges are expected to take command of troops. Such an army is a mere rabble. It is without any discipline or military virtue, and is formidable only to the petty tribes and nations in the neighborhood. The late king occasionally employed Europeans to drill his guards at Mandalay, but a very small amount of success attended his efforts in that direction.

A chronic desire exists in a certain section of Anglo-Indian society for the annexation of the remaining portion of Burma. A collision is very easily got up; but any attempt at further extension of our territory in that direction, especially with our hands full as they are at present, would be a mistake both politically and financially, and is intensely to be deprecated. Lord Dalhousie in his notification before alluded to, in speaking of the province of Pegu, remarked that "we hold in the easy grasp of our hand the kernel of the Burmese empire." And this kernel, I may remark, with its extraordinary commercial and producing activity, pays more than double the amount of revenue, rated on population, of that provided by any province or presi-

dency of India, and after all provincial expenses are paid yields a handsome surplus to the imperial exchequer. Its line of frontier with Burma, though far from being a "scientific," or theoretically perfect one, has its outposts connected by electric telegraph, and is easily accessible from its base both by rail and river. If this frontier is once passed, we could not pause before we had annexed the whole country up to the borders of China, involving a very heavy expense, both in the present and future, and bringing us into contact with tribes of various types inhabiting those extensive mountain regions, who would not improbably prove as difficult to manage as those on our north-west frontier.

It would, too, be full of possible danger and complication from our being brought into immediate contiguity with China, on a portion of her frontier where she has already shown extreme jealousy, and has more or less baffled our endeavors to push our commerce. Moreover, China has always considered Burma to be a tributary, and the country is so described in their various histories. The kings of Burma, though pretending to deny their feudatory condition, have always been in the habit of sending embassies with presents of various kinds to the court of Pekin; an act which in Eastern nations is always considered as a confession of inferiority.

ALBERT FYTCHE.

From The Spectator.
THE AMERICAN IDEAL OF CHARACTER.

MR. HENRY JAMES, Junior, has betrayed no single purpose so clearly in his various more or less elaborate sketches, as that of in some sense glorifying the American character. Messrs. Macmillan have just republished one of the earliest, and certainly in many respects one of the ablest, of his books, "The American," the chief object of which obviously is to contrast strongly what Mr. Henry James regards as the simpler and suppler type of character which he considers distinctively American, with the many finely-grooved and chased, but for that very reason too much specialized and limited types of character, — even where they are not stripped of all their natural human width in the process of this grooving and chasing, — which are the most expressive products of European civilization. But though "The American" is Mr. Henry James's most careful vindication of his preference for the American

character over the other types best known to him, you can see the same general conceptions pervading his other sketches. "The Europeans" is conceived with exactly the same drift. Even the better of the two Europeans is painted as quite inferior in largeness of nature to the American wife whom he woos and wins; while the worse of the two is a mere foil to the simplicity and naturalness of the American society she invades. In the "International Episode," again, the two American ladies are painted as finding even the best English society either too narrow or too insincere for them. And again, in "Daisy Miller," Mr. Henry James has made a most careful and skilful study of a kind of American girl whose complete innocence of evil, and yet intrepid hunger for experience, brings down upon her the most unworthy suspicions from a society penetrated by the assumptions of conventional European usage. But in "The American," certainly, the challenge to all the older societies to produce anything at once so manly and so large,—we were going to say so *massive*, but withdraw the word, as not, perhaps, exactly hitting Mr. Henry James's idea,—is explicit. If that very curious and elaborately-executed story means anything at all, it means that the American genius is far ahead of Europe, in power, breadth, and, above all, youth. When a degenerated American speaks of the United States as if they were a mere field of vulgarity, the hero "broke out and swore that they could put all Europe into their breeches-pockets, and that an American who spoke ill of them ought to be carried home in irons, and compelled to live in Boston." Now, in an ordinary American's mouth, that would be mere "tall talk." But in one of Mr. Henry James's heroes, it is much more; it is meant to convey a definite assertion, of which almost all the same author's books are intended as illustrations. And the assertion may be said to be this, or something very like this,—that in the United States, especially in the West,—human nature has thrown off the cramping detail which is suitable only for special occasions, special atmospheres, special scenes, and special places, and has assumed that pliant capacity for everything human, that absolute inability to freeze and crystallize into small and definite moulds, which poets might suppose to have characterized humanity in its primeval form, if the records of pre-historic times did not teach that the primeval life of man was squalid, narrow, and barbarous, and that only after the ages

of severe social pressure has it been possible for a man to spring to his full stature, under the freer sky of a newer world.

Whether this be so or not, it is certainly what Mr. Henry James tries to impress on us in "The Americans." The hero of that story, Christopher Newman, is intended for the ideal of modern life. He is properly a Newman or new man, and is named Christopher, after Columbus, because he undertakes the converse task of returning from the New to explore the Old World. He is elaborately contrasted with a family which combines the oldest and bluest blood of the French and English aristocracies,—a family whose fairest flower he desires to win as his bride,—and both the strongest and the fairest members of that family are made to show in some sense poor in comparison with him. Even the beautiful Madame de Cintré herself, whose loveliness, spiritual and personal, is wholly cast in the finest European moulds, is painted as at once feeble and superstitious, when compared with the man whom she had hoped and intended to marry,—as totally unequal to the task of setting herself free from the iron tyranny of a traditional subjection to parental caprice. Christopher Newman's character is successively compared with the aristocratic stateliness and self-regard of caste idolatry, with the timidity and shrinkingness of traditional docility, with the subtlety, keenness, and frivolity of French wit, with the cynical enterprise of French unscrupulousness, and with the empty and dissolute good-nature of English rank; and, as compared with each and all, he is made to look like a man with all his potentialities unexhausted, beside men "cabined, cribbed, confined" to modes of thought and life more or less conventional and irrational. By the side of this discoverer from the New World, the Old World, with all its rich complexity, shrinks into a certain pettiness and insignificance.

To define Mr. Henry James's ideal a little more clearly. His typical American had, we are told, in his face "that vagueness which is not vacuity, that blankness which is not simplicity, that look of being committed to nothing in particular, of standing in an attitude of general hospitality to the chances of life, of being very much at one's own disposal, so characteristic of many American faces. It was our friend's eye that chiefly told his story; an eye in which innocence and experience were singularly blended. It was full of contradictory suggestions; and though it was by no means the glowing orb of a hero

of romance, you could find in it almost anything you looked for. Frigid and yet friendly, frank yet cautious, shrewd yet credulous, positive yet sceptical, confident yet shy, extremely intelligent and extremely good-humored, there was something vaguely defiant in its concessions, and something profoundly reassuring in its reserve." This is the man who comes to Europe "with a sort of mighty hankering, a desire to stretch out and haul in." When he is introduced to his chief enemy, the old Madame de Bellegarde, an English earl's daughter, and a French marquis's widow, Newman says to himself: "She is a woman of conventions and proprieties; her world is the world of things immutably decreed. But how she is at home in it, and what a paradise she finds it! She walks about in it as if it were a blooming park, a garden of Eden; and when she sees 'this is genteel' or 'this is improper' written on a milestone, she stops ecstatically, as if she were listening to a nightingale or smelling a rose." Newman's other enemy, the eldest son of this old lady, the Marquis de Bellegarde, is described as "distinguished to the tips of his polished nails; there was not a movement of his fine, perpendicular person that was not noble and majestic. Newman had never yet been confronted with such an incarnation of the art of taking oneself seriously; he felt a sort of impulse to step backward, as you do to get a view of a great façade." Newman, on the other hand, never takes himself seriously. He is large, but he is vague. What he dislikes in others he appears not to condemn on principle, but simply to reject as unpleasant to himself. The two moral crises through which he goes are both carefully described, and in both he simply passes from a purpose of revenge to a feeling that revenge is low, and is not for him, without the slightest explicit recognition, that he was in danger of a sin, or had repented of it. In the first case, he owes a business man a grudge, feels awfully savage, and is bent on depriving him of a chance of gaining sixty thousand dollars, in a way his enemy would feel. "'I jumped into a hack, and went about my business; it was in this hack,—this immortal, historical hack,—that the curious thing I speak of occurred. It was a hack like any other, only a trifle dirtier, with a greasy line along the top of the drab cushions, as if it had been used for a great many Irish funerals. It is possible I took a nap; I had been travelling all night, and though I was excited with my errand, I felt the want of sleep. At all events, I

woke up suddenly from a sleep, or from a kind of reverie, with the most extraordinary feeling in the world,—a mortal disgust for the thing I was going to do. It came upon me like that,'—and he snapped his fingers, —'as abruptly as an old wound that begins to ache. I couldn't tell the meaning of it. I only felt that I loathed the whole business, and wanted to wash my hands of it. The idea of losing that sixty thousand dollars, of letting it utterly slide and scuttle, and never hearing of it again, seemed the sweetest thing in the world. And all this took place quite independently of my will, and I sat watching it as if it were a play in the theatre. I could feel it going on inside of me. You may depend upon it, there are things going on inside of us that we understand mighty little about.' It is a part of the character,—a part of its excellence, in Mr. Henry James's eyes,—that this does go on without any concurrence of Newman's in the matter. He is too big to have a real conscience. And it is the same in relation to the revenge he plans on the Bellegardes, for their treatment of him in this story. He revels at first in the idea of it. Then he thinks it may make a fool of him, and delays it indefinitely. Then, after some months, he goes and sits down in Notre Dame: "He was very tired; this was the best place he could be in. He said no prayers; he had no prayers to say. He had nothing to be thankful for, and he had nothing to ask; nothing to ask, because now he must take care of himself. But a great cathedral offers a very various hospitality, and Newman sat in his place, because while he was there he was out of the world. . . . He leaned his head for a long time on the chair in front of him; when he took it up, he felt that he was himself again. Somewhere in his mind a tight knot seemed to have loosened. He thought of the Bellegardes; he had almost forgotten them. He remembered them as people he had meant to do something to. He gave a groan, as he remembered what he had meant to do; he was annoyed at having meant to do it; the bottom suddenly had fallen out of his revenge. Whether it was Christian charity or unregenerate good-nature — what it was in the background of his soul—I don't pretend to say; but Newman's last thought was that of course he would let the Bellegardes go." And the author's idea seems to incline to the notion that it was mere unregenerate good-nature. For in the last sentence but one of the book, the chief confidante of Newman is made to say, "My impression

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HISTORICAL CASUISTRY.

would be that since, as you say, they defied you, it was because they believed that, after all, you would never really come to the point. Their confidence, after counsel taken of each other, was not in their innocence, nor in their talent for bluffing things off; it was in your remarkable good-nature. You see they were right." There is something evidently in the easy *laissez-faire* of unfathomable good-nature which Mr. Henry James regards as larger and better, at all events as more American — more suitable to the New World — than Christian charity. Newman's morality is depicted as the happy accident of a large nature, something which "loosens knots" within him, without his even giving his mind to the evil he is bent upon. And in like manner, his exhortations to others are mere vague expressions of distaste to what they propose that is wrong, not expressions of anything resembling principle. The ideal American of Mr. Henry James is, in fact, intended to embody all the higher principles of moral civilization, but to embody them only as an inheritance derived from his ancestry in the form of a kind of blind unconscious tact or good taste, which he will not venture to represent, even to himself, as imposing a law of obligation, or to press on any one else except as a counsel of common-sense.

Our criticism on this ideal of character shall be brief. It comes simply to this, — that if the much-prized pliancy and flexibility and width of character claimed as characteristic of the New World, consists only in the happy facility for inheriting, as a sort of vital tact, the essence and substance of all the old moral laws and creeds, and so gaining the practical advantage of them without any of the didactic stiffness caused by conscious belief in them, the American ideal is rather one of moral good-luck than of moral lucidity. No security, clearly, can be felt that within the large, loose, pliant, easy-going good-nature which Mr. Henry James admires so much, there shall be secreted some talisman which unlooses the "tight knots" of the passions without the least regard to any conviction or creed, and this, too, at precisely the right moment, — just in time to save the character from a great degeneration. Yet without such security, the flexibility and pliancy and complete freedom from strait-laced conviction, which seems to be so much admired, is mere limpness and laxity, threatening to be fatal to society at large, and admitting of far easier and more rapid corruption than the comparative narrowness of over-rigid and too definite creeds.

THE good old-fashioned historians had a charming off-hand plan for settling all questions about the morality of their heroes. The Whigs were angels and the Tories devils, or *vice versa*, as the case might be. They could decide without further difficulty that Cromwell was simply a tyrant and a hypocrite; or, if they found some apparently creditable action set down to his account, they rather enjoyed the paradox than otherwise, and went off with a comfortable commonplace about the inconsistency of human nature. Macaulay, with all his strong sense, acquiesced with curious complacency in judgments of this kind, and spoke of the great men of the past with something more than party spirit. In dealing with his own day he could make allowances, for he knew perfectly well that many honest men might differ from him in judgment; but the rights and wrongs of two or three centuries back seemed so plain in the light of later experience that he could not imagine that they could at the time have been doubtful. More philosophical writers admit that a strange mixture of good and evil may be found on all sides of almost every question; and a clearer perception of the degree in which individual motive is governed by processes of social development beyond the control of any particular person leads to shifting much responsibility from the shoulders even of those who took the most prominent parts in historical events. In proportion as the great man is taken to be the product, instead of the producer, of contemporary events, we shall blame or praise him more moderately. Hence arise many curious problems of casuistry. One school is deemed immoral because it regards men as mere involuntary mouthpieces of that mysterious abstraction, the *Zeitgeist*; its adherents retort the charge upon the opposite school, which refuses to make the necessary allowances for the inevitable influence of the social medium, and judges men by their conformity to theories not known in their lifetime. So, again, we have that curious controversy often suggested by Mr. Carlyle's writings about the true relation between right and might. Must we admit the two to be ultimately identical? If so, must we not further agree that success is in some degree a fair test of morality? If it is immoral to argue from the victory of a cause to its goodness, how can we fairly argue from its goodness to its victory? If the two coincide, must

not each test be valid? If they do not, would it not appear that the history of the world represents a moral chaos?

Let us briefly examine one or two of the general lines of argument which suggest themselves as often as the moral character of an historical celebrity is discussed. We shall probably find that there is some confusion between different aspects of questions which often present such an intricate jumble of conflicting judgments. We may begin with the modest assumption that, as a general rule, there are good and bad men on both sides of every great political controversy. The fact that a party attracts to itself a considerable proportion of the existing population at any given time proves sufficiently that it has sufficient plausibility to attract many upright and well-meaning men. A simple question of right and wrong very rarely presents itself in a political shape. A downright proposal to steal or commit murder does not secure adherents in any social state, or, at least, in any which is not hopelessly corrupt. The moral issue is entangled with others. In every important discussion there is an issue of fact as well as an issue of principles. The verdict of pure morality cannot be obtained until we have agreed upon the actual state of the case, and there will still remain, as a rule, a question of policy. The moralist, for example, cannot choose between free-trade and protection until the political economist has proved what will be the consequences of different modes of taxation; and even when the general economical principle is decided, there might still remain a difficult problem. Granting, for example, that protection is economically mischievous, there might be reasons of policy or good faith which would make it desirable to override the financial reasons by some higher consideration, or to disregard them for some special advantage.

Thus, in any case, we may have a question of morality, a question of fact, and a question of policy, all intricately blended and requiring to be satisfactorily answered before we can arrive at a correct decision. Unless we consider bad logic and erroneous perception to be sinful, we must agree that a very wide divergence of opinion is generally quite compatible with moral rectitude. It is comparatively easy to make allowance for a variation of opinion about facts. If one party sincerely believes and another disbelieves as sincerely that a particular state of facts exists, they may, with equal sincerity and equal moral justification, advocate antagonistic policies. If, in fact, we knew that the French were pre-

paring to invade us to-morrow, we should all agree that measures were justifiable which, as we believe nothing of the kind, we all repudiate; and if some believed, whilst some doubted, an invasion, there would be an innocent conflict of policy. It is very seldom that so simple a case arises, and for the obvious reason that people's beliefs are in great measure the product of their prejudices. We therefore find that the simple issue as to facts is almost invariably blended with disputes as to policy, or morality, or finally, as to political principle, which includes all these kinds of dispute.

To pass a judgment upon any historical character it is necessary to begin by thus analyzing his motives. We must ask by what considerations was his judgment really determined, and *then* inquire how far the confluence of those considerations implies morality or immorality of character. Proceeding in this way, we immediately see the extreme complexity of the considerations which arise. Let us begin from the simplest case. Suppose a man to advocate some directly immoral principle. A demagogue proposes repudiation, and defends himself ostensibly on the ground taken by Jefferson, that one generation has no right to bind its successors. A fanatic proposes to carry out the views upon which Shelley acted, and to abolish the legal sanction of marriage. Undoubtedly, we say, these are immoral propositions; but the question still remains whether the agent is therefore immoral. Let us assume that Jefferson and Shelley were both perfectly sincere. They both imagined that their doctrines were logical conclusions from certain principles as to the rights of man which to them appeared to have the validity of axioms. Here we have the distinction between what is called formal and material morality. Both men were maintaining what they supposed to be right, though it was in contradiction to established principles; and Shelley has been praised as though he had been a martyr to a good cause and made a personal sacrifice by leaving his wife for a woman whom he preferred. Various problems, some of which are quite beyond our sphere, arise out of this question. If, however, we agree to mean by morality the established system of morality, we must admit that such persons were in fact immoral; but that it is not easy or possible to assign the precise degree of their guilt. They advocated immorality, but their error was due (on the hypothesis assumed) not to evil passions but to intellectual confu-

sion. The evil doctrine was not a mere mask for sensuality or greed, but sprang from a misguided desire to do good to their fellows. They did not aim at a bad end, but misjudged the tendency of the means. It is obvious that such an excuse can only be admitted with great suspicion, especially when the new doctrine sanctions an indulgence previously forbidden; but it would be hard to deny that it may at times be valid. Goodness of heart, that is, may prompt erroneous morality when combined with defective judgment; and better principles might be the fruit either of higher intelligence or colder emotion. It would be unfair to class a sincere enthusiast with the atrocious scoundrel who consciously preaches a lax doctrine in order to gratify a corrupt passion; and therefore our rough verdict, good or bad, requires to be more accurately stated. We must say that a man preaches immorality, but admit that his conscience has been deceived, not deliberately hoodwinked. In short, we require a finer classification of motive and character than is given in our rough everyday judgments.

When we proceed to those more intricate problems in which considerations of policy blend with purely moral motives, the same difficulty returns upon us in a more aggravated form. The difficulty is most conspicuous in those revolutionary periods when the ordinary landmarks of conduct are for the time obliterated, and a man must guide himself by general principles, without the subordinate rules by which they are generally applied to practice. Let us take, for example, one of the cases which are popular with debating societies, and consider for a moment how many different questions are confusedly blended in the ordinary modes of discussion. Was the execution of Charles I. justifiable? That is a problem which young gentlemen used to discuss with unfailing eagerness at the Union before they were allowed to deal with contemporary affairs. Without discussing it again, we may notice the various senses in which it may be handled. Thus, in the first place, the regicide may be condemned on the simple ground that it was a breach of the commandment which forbids murder; and it may be added that the murder of a king by his subjects involves the additional guilt of disloyalty. But, if it be granted that the crime was properly murder, we have still to ask, as before, what guilt does that infer in Cromwell or Bradshaw? Did they act from selfish malice, or from a mistaken belief that it was not murder? In the last case,

did their mistake rest upon an erroneous theological belief? and, if so, was the error due, again, to a bad motive, which made a debased creed congenial to them, or to a superstition natural at the time, and perhaps most attractive to the most religious minds? Was it puzzle-headedness or malice which predisposed them to adopt such a view? Again, is the breach of loyalty to be regarded as an extenuation or aggravation of their crime? If they were right in the rebellion, that was some excuse for the particular consequences to which their rebellion led; as for the opposite case, the whole course of conduct becomes a continuous crime. But further, it may be inquired whether such an act, however wrong, is fairly to be considered as coming under the head of murder. There is clearly some force in the general plea of *salus populi*. Macaulay, for example, justifies the attainder of Wentworth as rather an act of war than of justice. The question, upon this hypothesis, was whether a statesman should lose his head or the country lose its liberty; and therefore, admitting to the full that such a proceeding would be atrocious in regard to an ordinary criminal, it was right in an instance so far different in nature. This contention raises the general question as to the propriety of taking any cases out of the ordinary rule, which can hardly be denied by any one who admits that resistance to constituted authority can be ever justifiable. To resist is to suspend the ordinary laws, and to shoot a public criminal as you would shoot a highwayman. If the doctrine be applicable to tyrannicide, as many moralists admit, the questions occur, whether Charles I. was in fact a tyrant; whether the regicides might fairly suppose from the facts before them that he was a tyrant, or whether they were blinded by prejudices and by prejudices of an excusable or inexcusable kind; and again, whether, assuming him to be a tyrant, it was or was not politic to punish him after he was deposed; whether they acted from malice or from a sincere belief that their policy was right; and whether, again, if the belief was sincere, that belief did or did not signify a defect of character, or a lofty perception of truths overlooked by commonplace minds, or that degree of sympathy in the superstitious opinions of the time from which no amount of uprightness or acuteness of understanding will protect a man.

It is obvious, again, that questions such as these admit of very different answers in regard to the various persons who took

part in the act. We might form entirely different judgments as to the moral value of Cromwell, Bradshaw, Milton, Harrison, Martin, and so on, each man having his own set of motives, prejudices, inherited and acquired opinions, and so forth. To lump all these questions together in the single one, Was the act "justifiable"? is very easy, and for some purposes may be right; but it obviously leads to injustice in one case if it is right in another. To get an answer really good for anything we must define more closely what is the precise purpose of our inquiry.

This will appear still more clearly if we take another case which was discussed not long ago by men far above the modes of thought of a debating society. Mr. Matthew Arnold pronounced an eloquent eulogy upon Falkland, which was attacked by Mr. Goldwin Smith, and we cannot help thinking that these able disputants neglected to define their meaning at the cost of some considerable confusion. In fact, the problem as to Falkland's personal merit was supposed to be answered by answering the question as to the wisdom of his ends. His policy consisted in recommending a certain compromise between the conflicting parties which we may assume to have been the most desirable result. But it is quite possible to hold this and yet to regard Falkland as inferior in statesmanlike ability and in moral elevation to the representatives of extreme parties. His scheme, let us say, was the best, *if* it could be adopted; and so far he was right. But everything lies in that "*if*." For "*if*" means, if passions had not been influenced, if everybody had been prepared to hear reason, if a compromise acceptable after men have tried their strength could be adopted before their strength had been shown. To make such assumptions is virtually to say that a certain policy would be the best if all the facts had been quite different. Now it may be very true that the world would be the better if there were no fanatics on either side; but the statesman who proposes to act as if they did not exist is so far unfit for the world. It is very amiable to go about "ingeminating 'Peace,'" but there are cases in which it is simply imbecile, as there are others in which it would be an imperative duty to act in that way. Hence, if in discussing such a case as Falkland's one disputant assumes that his policy would be the best if every one had taken his advice, and the other assumes as a primary element in the problem that such advice would not be taken, it is clear that they are

really discussing two different questions. The preliminary question requires to be settled, what were the essential data of the problem? Which were really the fixed conditions? Given the fanaticism, it is wise to act in one way. Assume the fanaticism to be pacifiable, and it is wise to act in another.

This, again, introduces all that complicated set of considerations which are involved in every case of allegiance to party. A man might very well hold with Falkland that neither Cavaliers nor Roundheads were altogether in the right, and that a satisfactory settlement would involve some sort of compromise. But if for that reason he decided to be neither Cavalier nor Roundhead, he would not necessarily be acting for the best. He might see that when a certain point had been reached it was necessary to take one side or the other in order to have any influence at all. We blame the man who sacrifices vital principles to party; but we must also blame the man whose scruples make him incapable of joining with either party; and it is impossible to decide by any clear test which are scruples and which are vital principles. A policy "in the abstract" is no policy at all. Every statesman must be guided by the actual conditions of the time, and he has no right to exclude from those conditions the state of contemporary opinion. We often speak as though opinion were indefinitely modifiable, as though a man could fairly expect to convert his contemporaries by simply enunciating his own views; but, as a matter of fact, the opinions are as difficult to alter as most other facts; and you can no more quiet revolutionary passions by your individual wisdom than change the course of the seasons. Thus it is not sufficient to say that a man foresaw the solution which we hold to be the best, or even that which eventually succeeded in practice. Undoubtedly such foresight is a point in his favor; but if it disqualified him from producing any effect upon the issue, or forced him to help each set of fanatics alternately, he is as much disqualified practically by being too farsighted as others are by being too short-sighted. In a purely moral point of view the question remains whether he was not actually wrong in sacrificing actual efficiency to excessive scrupulosity. It is the fault of an exalted intellect, and therefore one to which we should be tender; but still it is a fault, and may be a serious one. When moderate men look on, instead of taking either side, the decision is left to the pure fanatics, and moderation becomes practical imbecility.

EARTH-BORN METEORITES.

Undoubtedly it is troublesome to consider all the manifold considerations which are required by a fair judge. It is much pleasanter and sounds more edifying to say at once this was the right policy, and everybody was therefore right in so far as he adopted it. But it is futile to say that any policy is right without asking how far it was practicable; and grossly unjust to argue from the general principle to the case of each particular agent. As soon as we try to sum up the goodness and badness of individuals, we have a problem so intricate that it is much the easiest, as it is apparently the most virtuous course, to cut the knot at once. To go further into the matter is to indulge in casuistry, and casuistry has come to have a bad meaning; and yet it is better to recognize the fact that the tangled skein of human motive is too intricate for an honest judge to speak off-hand in the way adopted with much self-applause by popular historians.

From The Spectator.
EARTH-BORN METEORITES.

ALMOST simultaneously, two startling theories respecting meteoric bodies have been brought prominently before the scientific world. Neither is, strictly speaking, new, but neither has hitherto been so advanced as to seem worthy of special consideration. The reader is doubtless aware that the researches which have been made into the motions and behavior of shooting stars have caused these bodies to be associated in a very definite, though not very readily understood manner, with comets. It has been found that certain well-known systems of shooting stars follow in the train of comets, — not forming, it will be understood, the tails of comets, as some have mistakenly imagined, but travelling in the same path, so as to form a more or less densely aggregated train of attendants. Although it has not been actually demonstrated either that every system of shooting stars thus follows in the train of a comet, or that every comet has an attendant system of shooting stars, enough has been learned to show that whatever theory we form respecting shooting stars must be one which will give an account of cometic phenomena also. And this, to some degree, limits us in our speculations respecting these bodies. But the case is otherwise, or we may more correctly say, some men of science hold that the case is otherwise, with the bodies

called meteorites. Tschermak, in an interesting memoir on meteorites, rejects, indeed, as untenable the belief that these bodies have any connection with shooting stars. On his arguments respecting meteorites has been based one of the theories now to be described. He points out that meteorites are always angular fragments, even before they reach our air; that many of them have a crystalline structure, which requires a very long period of formation, at a nearly constant temperature, — a condition only fulfilled in large mass; that in others, many fragments are welded together, as in breccia; and lastly, that in other cases, meteoric stones are composed of very small particles, analogous to volcanic tufas. Hence Tschermak arrives at the conclusion that meteorites have had their origin in volcanic eruptions, and he considers that they must have been expelled from planets so small that projectiles driven from them in volcanic eruptions would not be drawn back again by gravity. It is on this point that Dr. R. Ball, astronomer-royal for Ireland, has based his theory as to the actual body from which these meteoric masses were expelled. He does not attach any weight, it seems, to Tschermak's suggestion that the body expelling meteorites must be of small dimensions. He doubtless reasons, and in our opinion justly, that if a larger orb has to overcome greater gravitating energy, it has correspondingly greater energies with which to do this. So Dr. Ball does not hesitate to consider whether the sun may not have been the source of meteorites; but he finds in some of the peculiarities above described clear evidence that many meteorites must have come from a globe already possessing solid rock-masses, a state of things which can hardly be supposed to exist in the sun.

Dr. Ball turns next to a much smaller body than the earth,—her companion planet, the moon. But here another objection, equally insuperable, presents itself. The moon might readily have expelled meteoric masses from her interior, in the old times when she was instinct with fiery energies. But a meteorite thus expelled would either fall there and then upon the earth, or missing the earth, would continue to travel round her, in an orbit which might, and probably would, in the course of many centuries, restore the meteorite to the moon, but could never carry it to the earth. So that unless we assume the moon to be at this day expelling meteoric masses in considerable number from her volcanic craters, we cannot suppose the

meteorites now falling to have come from her; and it is quite clear that the moon's volcanoes are not in the state of activity this would require, even if (as the wilder selenographers imagine) she is still undergoing volcanic changes.

Next, Dr. Ball considers the minor planets. He shows that a body must be projected from Ceres—taking her as a convenient, illustrative case—so as to have a total velocity between eight and sixteen miles per second, in order neither, on the one hand, to fall short of the earth's orbit, nor, on the other, to have a path carrying it away (after only one swoop within the earth's distance) to the star-depths. Then he shows that even with a velocity of the right amount, the chance would be only one in many thousands that a projectile expelled from a minor planet would cross the earth's track. Thus, as he justly says, there are two objections to a minor planet, as the source of a meteorite. First, notwithstanding the planet's small mass, a very powerful volcano would be required; and secondly, we are obliged to assume that for each meteorite which could ever fall upon the earth, at least fifty thousand must have been ejected.

He turns, next, to a planet which has altogether exceptional claims to consideration. It is true, he says, that in this particular orb a volcano would be required which must be capable of expelling bodies with a velocity of at least six miles per second (our own calculations make the least velocity more nearly seven miles); but then, every projectile launched from that volcano into space would, after traversing an elliptic orbit round the sun, dash through the track of the earth, and again pass through the same point at every subsequent revolution. "It is not here a case of one solitary projectile out of fifty thousand crossing the earth's track, but every one of the fifty thousand possesses the same property." Where, it will be asked, is this specially favored planet, whose meteoric projectiles thus inevitably intersect the track of the earth? We have not far to look for it; it is the earth itself, on which we live. The earth is certainly not now capable of expelling masses with the velocity which the theory requires, or if capable of so doing, she (fortunately, perhaps, for us) refrains from exerting her full powers in this way. But in the remote past, as we have every reason to believe, the earth possessed much greater volcanic energy than she now does. If in those remote times,—many millions of years, perhaps, before the surface of the

earth was fit to be the abode of life,—there were colossal volcanoes on her surface, which had explosive energy sufficient to expel missiles with a velocity great enough to carry them away from the earth's surface, these missiles would then continue to move in orbits round the sun, crossing at each revolution the point of the earth's track from which they were originally discharged. If so, then there would be at this moment an enormous number of these projectiles moving through the solar system, on paths of every degree of eccentricity and perhaps of inclination (though in the majority of cases the inclination of the meteoritic path to the earth's would be small), all these paths possessing this characteristic, that they would intersect the track of the earth. Whenever the earth in her motion around the sun chanced to reach a point where a meteoric path crossed hers, at or very near the time when the meteorite itself was there, the meteorite would be reabsorbed by its parent planet.

Now, while Dr. Ball was treating the subject of meteorites from this side, M. Stanislas Meunier was receiving the recognition of the Paris Academy of Sciences for a series of researches which, at first sight, might seem to point in an entirely different direction. Astronomers had followed with interest the labors of Daubrée, which had indicated a connection between meteorites and the lower strata of our globe. M. Meunier, Daubrée's pupil and follower, has found that the analogy alluded to is not confined to mineralogical constitution, but extends to the relation which these cosmical materials, disseminated in space, present, when compared among themselves as we compare the constituent rocks of our globe. He concludes therefore, and the commission of the Paris Academy appointed to consider claims, considers he is justified in concluding, "that all these masses once belonged to a considerable globe like the earth, having true geological epochs, and that later it was decomposed into separate fragments, under the action of causes difficult to define exactly, but which we have seen more than once in operation in the heavens themselves" (referring, probably, to the phenomena presented by the so-called new stars). If we adopt Dr. Ball's theory, have we not an answer to the question where that globe can possibly be, whence the fragments were torn off or expelled in some way, which reach the earth as meteorites? Meunier's theory, as it stands, is preposterous, let commission or acad-

emy say what they will. That some other planet (for so he presents his theory) has been torn into fragments, millions of which have in successive eras reached our earth, their constitution varying according to the depth of the strata of the planet-home from which they were successively torn, is a thing utterly inadmissible, so long as the laws of probability are to be our guide in such matters. But that the earth herself, in various past stages of her existence as an intensely volcanic orb, should have expelled immense numbers of bodies, and that the successive periods of meteoric downfall should thus come to exhibit changes corresponding to the successive stages of terrestrial stratification, seems reasonable enough. Nay, we may even say that if many meteorites really are proved by the evidence adduced by Tschermak to have had a volcanic origin, no theory but Dr. Ball's will account for those meteorites, at any rate,—while nothing could accord better than this theory with the results of M. Meunier's researches.

From Hatters' Gazette.
THE UMBRELLA BIRD.

The umbrella bird is a truly remarkable creature, and from the extraordinary mode in which its plumage is arranged, never fails of attracting the attention of the most casual spectator. The bird is a native of the islands of the South American rivers—being seldom if ever seen on the main land—from whence it is not unfrequently brought by collectors, as there is always a ready sale for its skin, either to serve as an ornament in glass cases, or as a specimen for a museum. In dimensions the umbrella bird equals the common crow of England, and but for the curious plume which adorns its head, and the tuft which hangs from its breast, might be mistaken at a distance for that bird. The general color of this species is rich shining black, glazed with varying tints of blue and purple like the feathers of the magpie's tail. Very little is known of the habits of the bird. Its crest is, perhaps, the most fully developed and beautiful of any bird known. It is composed of long slender feathers, rising from a contractile skin on the top of the head. The shafts are white, and the plume glossy blue, hair-like, and curved outward at the tip. When the crest is laid back, the shafts form a compact white mass, sloping up from the top of the head, and surmounted by the dense hairy plumes.

Even in this position it is not an inelegant crest, but it is when it is fully spread, that its peculiar character is developed. The shafts then radiate on all sides from the top of the head, reaching in front beyond and below the tip of the beak, which is completely hidden from view. The top then forms a perfect, slightly elongated dome, of a beautiful shining blue color, having a point of divergence rather behind the centre, like that in the human head. The length of this dome from front to back is about five inches, the breadth four to four and a half inches. Scarcely less curious than the "umbrella," as this overhanging plume is very appropriately named, is a bunch of elongated feathers that hang from the breast in a tuft, perfectly distinct from the rest of the plumage. The peculiarity in this tuft is, that the feathers of which it is composed do not grow from the neck, but from a cylindrical fleshy growth, about as thick as an ordinary goosequill, and an inch and a half long. The whole of this curious appendage is covered with feathers, so that the breast tuft is wholly distinct from the feathers of the neck and breast. The entire skin of the neck is extremely loose, more so than in any other bird. The feathers of this tuft are edged with a beautiful and resplendent blue, and lap over each other like so many scales. The food of the umbrella bird consists chiefly of berries and various fruits, and it always rejects the hard stone of stone fruit. As its cry is extremely loud and deep, the natives call the bird by a name which signifies a pipe.

From The Nineteenth Century.
DEDICATORY POEM
TO
THE PRINCESS ALICE.
DEAD Princess, living Power, if that, which
lived
True life, live on, and if the fatal kiss,
Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
From earthly love and life, if what we call
The spirit flash not all at once from out
This shadow into substance, ehen perhaps
The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
From thine own state, and all our breadth of
realm,
Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in
light,
Ascends to thee; and this March morn that
sees
Thy soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom
Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
And thine Imperial mother smile again,

May send one ray to thee ! and who can tell —
Thou — England's England-loving daughter
— thou

Dying so English thou wouldest have her flag
Borne on thy coffin — where is he can swear
But that some broken gleam from our poor
earth

May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
Of England, and her banner in the East ?

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O ban-
ner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the
battle-cry !
Never with mightier glory than when we had
rear'd thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege
of Lucknow —
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we
raised thee anew,
And even upon the topmost roof our banner of
England blew.

II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold
that we held with our lives —
Women and children among us, God help
them, our children and wives !
Hold it we might — and for fifteen days or for
twenty at most.
“ Never surrender, I charge you, but every man
die at his post ! ”
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Law-
rence the best of the brave :
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him — we
laid him that night in his grave.
“ Every man die at his post ! ” and there hail'd
on our houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from
their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at
our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and
death while we stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded,
for often there fell
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it,
their shot and their shell,
Death, for their spies were among us, their
marksmen were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain
that could think for the rest ;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bul-
lets would rain at our feet —
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels
that girdled us round —
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the
breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the
palace, and death in the ground !
Mine? yes, a mine ! Countermine ! down,
down ! and creep thro' the hole !
Keep the revolver in hand ! You can hear
him — the murderous mole.

Quiet, ah ! quiet — wait till the point of the
pickaxe be thro' !
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer
again than before —
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark
pioneer is no more ;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of
England blew.

III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times,
and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground thun-
derclap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so
many fiends in their hell —
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley,
and yell upon yell —
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy
fell.
What have they done ? where is it ? Out yon-
der. Guard the Redan !
Storm at the Water-gate ! storm at the Bailey-
gate ! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on
every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily
drown'd by the tide —
So many thousands that if they be bold
enough, who shall escape ?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know
we are soldiers and men !
Ready ! take aim at their leaders — their
masses are gapp'd with our grape —
Backward they reel like the wave, like the
wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful
they could not subdue ;
And even upon the topmost roof our banner of
England blew.

IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English
in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to com-
mand, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison
hung but on him ;
Still — could we watch at all points ? we were
every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a
whisper that past :
“ Children and wives — if the tigers leap into
the fold unawares —
Every man die at his post — and the foe may
outlive us at last —
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than
to fall into theirs ! ”
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the
enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our
poor palisades.
Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure that
your hand be as true !
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aim'd are
your flank fusillades —
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the lad-
ders to which they had clung,

THE DEFENCE
OF LUCKNOW.

Twice from the ditch where they shelter we
drive them with hand-grenades ;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of
England blew.

V.

Then on another wild morning another wild
earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve
good paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from
the light of the sun —
One has leapt up on the breach, crying out :
“Follow me, follow me !” —
Mark him — he falls ! then another, and *him*
too, and down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell
but the traitors had won ?
Boardings and rafters and doors — an embra-
sure ! make way for the gun !
Now double-charge it with grape ! It is
charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark
face have his due !
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought
with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove
them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner
in India blew.

VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what
we do. We can fight ;
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all
thro' the night —
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their
lying alarms.
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shout-
ings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by
five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be
left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the
loopholes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be
laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of
cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite tor-
ment of flies,

Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over
an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that
would not be heal'd,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-piti-
less knife, —
Torture and trouble in vain, — for it never
could save us a life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hos-
pital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying
and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a
moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes
of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for
all that we knew —
Then day and night, day and night, coming
down on the still-shatter'd walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of
cannon-balls —
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of
England blew.

VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade ! is it true what was
told by the scout ?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way
thro' the fell mutineers !
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again
in our ears !
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant
shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with
conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our
women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Have-
lock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the High-
lander wet with their tears !
Dance to the pibroch ! — saved ! we are saved !
— is it you ? is it you ?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the
blessing of Heaven !
“Hold it for fifteen days !” we have held it
for eighty-seven !
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old ban-
ner of England blew.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TRANSITS OF MERCURY. — Prof. Holden has published an “Index-Catalogue of Books and Memoirs on the Transits of Mercury,” which he had prepared to aid him in a search for records of the physical phenomena which have been observed at such transits. The list is not quite a complete one, the publications of observatories not being included, but there is little inconvenience in the omission, as such observations and memoirs can be found by reference to the volumes for transit years, and Prof. Holden gives a list of the dates of all the transits of Mercury so far observed. Catalogues of this description must prove most

serviceable to the student and to every one who has occasion to consult the general literature of an astronomical subject, and we hope the American astronomer may find leisure to continue them. Reference has already been made in this column to his very valuable “Index-Catalogue to the Literature of Nebulae and Clusters,” etc., forming No. 311 of the “Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections.” The publication above mentioned forms No. 1 of “Biographical Contributions,” edited by Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University. The copy before us is republished from the *Bulletin* of the library for October, 1878.